THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 35.—MARCH, 1874.

IS AMERICA A PROTESTANT COUNTRY?

"THIS is a Protestant country. We Catholics cannot act here with the freedom exercised among Europeans; we must be guarded in the expression of our views and circumspect in our actions. What will our Protestant fellow-citizens think of such and such things? They don't understand us, and in their ignorance will either ridicule us, or if we go too far in the expression of our religious opinions and in active demonstrations, they will ultimately seek to persecute us, therefore we must keep quiet, go on in the even tenor of our way, thankful that the glorious privilege of religious liberty and toleration, vouchsafed to us by the fact that we are American citizens, will allow us to worship God undisturbed. Some of these days perhaps the 'good time coming' will bear in its magic grasp, among other gifts inherent to its millennial character, the grace of faith to our benighted countrymen, and then when all America is Catholic, oh! how glorious will be its lot, how splendid its historical career. It's coming, depend upon it; the signs all point that way. Providence in its own good time will convert the entire land. The sceptre of faith is passing from the old nations of Europe, along with the star of empire floating from this political horizon. Both are becoming the inheritance of the rising people of the western world. But for the present we must be sober, and keep vigil, act judiciously, and cultivate the friendship of those outside the Church with whom fate obliges us to live; they will be so charmed with our 'liberality' that we will be actually hastening thereby the end for which we Catholics are all so hopefully longing."

Such is the specious, deceitful, and illogical reasoning which, enforced with a *devil-me-care* toss of the head, a sudden distension of the organs of pomposity, a wink of the eyes, and a crack of the fingers, daily greets our ears, conversationally, and hourly parades itself practically in the words and actions of that lovely race of bipeds known as "liberal" Catholics, a very quiet

and thoroughly tamed species of that portion of creation which we never hear mentioned, without our minds recurring to a certain comic picture which appeared in one of our periodicals during the great and exciting political contest of 1856, in which James Buchanan, John C. Fremont, and Millard Fillmore, the several candidates for the presidency, were represented as well-fed and well-behaved lions, exhibited in a cage at a menagerie to the admiring gaze of a crowd of spectators, while over the top of the cage appeared a label bearing in large letters the inscription, "DON'T DISTURB THE ANIMALS," a title which we think most appropriate for our liberal friends, since they have no souls, but live, and move, and have their being solely by the instinct of selfishness. We do not, however, feel at all disposed to follow, with regard to such people, the advice conveyed by the cited menagerie label, because we know that their seeming gentleness is the result of a laziness and spiritlessness resulting from their stomachs being well gorged with the pabulum of worldliness, and is but a mere cover for the ferocity of their brutal nature, which will undoubtedly display itself when their organs of sensitiveness are too keenly touched. We propose then to "stir up" the beasts, by endeavoring to demonstrate by a response to the question which forms the title of this paper the dangerous character which they really possess, and the impolicy of a too unquestioning acquiescence in the reports of their manager's show-bills, and that figuratively speaking they answer to the "horned unicorns," serpents, and other beasts, from which King David prayed to be delivered, and whose leader St. Peter designated under the form of a roaring lion going about seeking whom he could devour.

In the first place, then, we deny emphatically that there is any such thing as a Protestant country, either upon the earth, in the heavens above, in the waters under the earth, in any planet of the solar system, or in the unexplored regions of the moon. The only geographical section of creation where it can be presumptively supposed to exist, is just about half way between our present domiciles and our Chinese antipodes, within the bowels of the earth, and in the most torrid of zones. Protestantism is a heresy, and heresy under any form has, by the divine primal and fundamental law, the parent of all other laws, no standing anywhere. It is a bastard, and has only a bastard's rights, save where the right of might has given it a usurper's power. A baptized heretic is indeed endowed with certain privileges by virtue of the mere grace of Christianity conferred at the baptismal font, but he has no supernatural *rights* of which his heresy has not despoiled him. Where by sheer force of numbers Protestantism, like any other heresy, has obtained a foothold, it can and has exercised a tyrant's power, and by such means has moulded public sentiment according to its own perverted views, and abrogating laws, founded upon the fundamental principles of eternal truth, justice, and equity, has substituted therefore a system of discordant rules or codes of unprincipled enactments to suit its own prostituting aims. Such was the state of affairs in the days when, according to the sacred writers, two-thirds of the world was subjugated by Arianism. Such was the condition of mankind at the time of our Saviour's birth, when the whole world, departing from the theocratic legislation of Judaism, had plunged into the darkness of Paganism, and only a small portion of the earth could claim as its inhabitants "the ancient people of God." Such too

was the aspect of affairs in the Roman Empire under barbaric rule, in Germany under the Emperors who contested with the popes for the right of investiture, in France under the Huguenots, in England under the Tudors, in Ireland under everything in the guise of a government which has been able to prey on its national vitals. Such too is the case in modern Germany under a Bismarck, in Switzerland under the secret societies, in Poland under the schismatical rule of tyrannical Russia, in Italy under the deviltries of a Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, in Spain under a Castelar and the red republican clique, who have substituted themselves for the government of their "Most Catholic Majesties;" and finally, to a too considerable extent, in our own country, under the dominating influences of "ring-men" and pot-house politicians, who have supplanted the statesmen of the old colonial and Federalist schools, men whose statesmanship sprang from the innate nobility of their natures, and was cultivated amid the refining trials of honest indigence, and not acquired at other people's expense in hot-houses for the propagation of all the damnable heresies, moral, political, and social. Yet this accidental supremacy by no means confers upon the usurping schism any inherent rights, or sanctifies any of the erroneous laws of its own creation by which it falsely supports its claims.

We will probably be told that this is a severe doctrine, that it is practically the teaching of the Inquisition. Certainly it is a descending to first principles; there can surely be nothing wrong in that, especially when no Catholic at least will dare to say that it is a reduction to an absurdity. As regards it being a doctrine of the Inquisition, we can only reply in the most unhesitating language, Yes, it is. But what of it? The Inquisition was merely a tribunal, established by Catholic princes in Catholic times, for the trial and punishment of what was most justly held to be a gross violation of both natural right and statutory law, civil and canonical, namely, heresy. The abuses which grew up under the prestige of that institution were only such and probably not any worse than those which are incidental to all human concerns, but surely the fact that such abuses did arise, and especially that the Inquisition itself was suppressed by pontifical authority, for that very cause does not disprove the legitimacy of its institution any more than it proves the fact of a desire to see its re-establishment in modern times or in our own favored land. All that we do desire is, that civil rulers everywhere would recognize and enforce the immutable laws of truth, but if we descend to particularize those laws, we certainly do unhesitatingly say that neither the character of the times nor the people of the present age would justify any such accusation. What is always right is not necessarily always expedient, but where right, expediency, justice, and availability alike clamor for a certain action, surely the popular voice should not fail to sing in chorus, Amen, nor should the rulers, to whom is committed the performance of the duty, fail to heed the not uncertain sound. This was precisely the state of affairs at the time of the establishment of the Inquisition, and so the Inquisition was called into existence. It was not the condition of things when it was suppressed, hence its suppression. It is not now and probably never will be the condition of affairs again, hence the very shadowy form of the probability of its regeneration.

We might aptly illustrate this

by the citation of many remarkable examples from our civil and common law, in the shape of customs or statutes which were certainly founded in natural right, but the abrogation of which was decidedly no violation thereof. One of these springs up under our pen. The Feudal system, a most excellent institution in its day, which, notwithstanding the fact that all our common law of real estate is based upon its underlying principles, yet surely no one would for an instant assert the practicability or the advisability of its re-establishment. Therefore we say, if the doctrine we have laid down, with regard to the non-existence of any natural right for heresy be a doctrine of the Inquisition, why make the most of it. Any Diogenes searching with a lamp for treason therein would be rewarded by finding his labor lost.

But does not the right of discovery and conquest give a semblance of a claim to the supreme rights of Protestantism in America? No! No right based upon human doctrines can overshadow the higher law of natural right. But we will, for the sake of argument, graciously admit that in this instance it does; then let us see whether Protestantism fares any better for the temporary concession.

How beautifully lies the virgin continent in the lap of the sea, her upturned face reflecting in its unsullied beauty, through more than five thousand years, the primal smile that lit her Creator's countenance when he first looked upon her form and saw that it was good. No vagabond "discoverer" has as yet penetrated the labyrinth of the unexplored seas and raised the misty veil of doubt concealing her virgin form; no exploring speculator has as yet been able to traffic with her purity. For centuries, alone, face to face with God, she has lain in her slumber of beauty, the azure canopy of the star-studded firmament her protection. Around her aerial castle; as about the fairy abode of the sleeping princess in the ancient legend, the wild vines have run at random, the multifarious flora have alternately through myriad years silently donned and doffed their radiant coronals, the gayly-plumed generations of birds have flitted and chirped around her, the strange gaudy-robed and wild-eyed animals of the tropics, the fur-coated denizens of the snow-bound north-lands have roved and gambolled about her forest fastnesses. Save the weird music of their voices her ears have as yet heard no earthly sound unless it were the drowsy monotone of the embracing sea. But hark! What is that distant echo that startles her now, and wakens her as if by magic?

Te Deum Laudamus!
This glorious morn,
From the bosom of ocean
A world has been born;
And he who first kindled
The sun with his breath,
Has brought light from darkness
And life out of death.

Te Deum Laudamus!
Ye isles of the main,
Through ages of error
That slumbering have lain,
Lift up your glad voices,
The shadow that lay
Upon you his presence
Has turned into day.

Te Deum Laudamus!
Ye nations that lie
In the noontide of truth
From the dayspring on high;
Your songs of thanksgiving
To GOD the SUPREME
Pour forth without ceasing,
SALVATION'S the theme.

Whence come those touchingly weird and soothing strains that seem to thrill the silence with their echoes? They are the canticles of intermingled praise and joy sung by the intrepid pilgrim prelate Eric, Bishop of Garda, and his crew of Sacred Scalds, and daring but heaven-guided mariner priests, who have sailed from the ice-bound regions of the north, and come, not like their viking ancestry, with

schemes of plunder to scourge the seas and terrify all who sail thereon in ships, not to swoop down like fierce birds of prey, as did their Norsemen brethren upon England, France, and Ireland, but with faith for their polar star they have steered their course

> Where descends the Atlantic,
> The gigantic
> Storm wind of the equinox,

and rounding the verdant shores of what is now known as Martha's Vineyard, are sailing up the lucent waters of Narraganset Bay. Landing where now the fair sculptured form of the guardian Madonna, our Lady of the Isle, keeps watch and ward from the heights around the beautiful city of Newport, and its old round tower stands as a perpetual memorial of the hardy missioners' holy enterprise, they are the first to claim this nameless but fairest of all earth's daughters, this America of the future, as the spouse, the adopted daughter of his Church. They belong to her prehistoric story; their career is partly of record and partly of fable; but that they first wooed and won our continent to Christ is indisputable. How long they abode within her enchanted dominions no man has power even to guess; solemnly and mysteriously as they came they at length departed. Mingling, however, with their dying hymns, we catch the echo of other sacred tones, when a second band of mariner-monks, piloted by good St. Brendan, sailing from the consecrated turf of the Isle of Saints, have crossed the western seas and penetrated, bearing aloft before them the banner of the cross, into the very heart of those wide and trackless domains, even to where now fair Cincinnati sits—

> The Queen of the West
> In her garlands dressed,
> By the shores of the beautiful river.

These, too, depart like the shadows of things that were, and then the land, like a baptized babe, relapses into the sleep of spiritual and historical infancy, till her echoing shores startle her from her childhood's dreams to the activity of adolescence, as they send back in welcome the *Salva Regina* of Columbus's crew, sounding over the Caribbean waves. On they come, leaping ashore, a countless procession of gay-plumed martial cavaliers, with hosts of Franciscan and Dominican monks. Year after year these sons of sunny Spain, swelling the army of adventurers, place under the standard of the Cross the flowery tropics, just as their Norsemen and Irish brethren conquered a century before the northern and central portions of this western hemisphere. How grand the semi-historic and semi-religious panorama, telling, in its changing phases, the story of our country's colonization and sanctification; that now winds its pictured length before us. We see the Antilles and the Floridas peopled with Christian colonies of converted Indians and emigrant Spaniards. We see that glorious man, Bishop Las Casas, rebuking in its very inception the rapacity of worldly-minded adventurers, who would seek to fasten upon our country the curse of slavery. Prince and pioneer of true abolitionists, his voice sounds through the vista of time like the first bugle-call of our political freedom. We see a De Soto sailing up the southern end of that mighty river that girdles like a silver belt the centre of the continent—the Mississippi—while a Marquette, brave son of Catholic France, who too has begun to play a part in the redemption of our soil, breaks his way through the pathless forest of Illinois, and sails down the northern end of the mighty stream to greet his Spanish brother. We see a Vasco Nunez, followed by colonies of missionaries, exploring and civilizing with Christian energy and true progress the golden shores of California,

while the cactus-crowned Montezuma bows his haughty head in submission, and throws his eagle-blazoned shield and his Aztec pride in the dust at Cortez' feet, and the golden-armored Incas of Peru fling their marvellous treasures, and bend the knee in unwonted genuflections of homage before the Christian invader, who, scandalous as his life and barbarous as his cruelties may have been, was nevertheless in the mysterious dispensations of Providence the instrument of planting a Christianity that flourishes with pristine vigor and tropical luxuriance even after four centuries in that sunny distant land.

The scene again changes, this time to the more sterile lands of the Canadas, the pine forests of New England, and the rich and undulating territories of Northern and Western New York. Now the heroes of the picture are the chivalrous sons of *La Belle France*. There is that chivalrous crusader of modern times, Samuel de Champlain; behind him, bearing the beautiful standards of the cross and the gonfalons of Mary Immaculate, and the richly bedizened banner of the *fleur de lis*, come in processional pomp that glorious band of French soldier missionaries and holy women, who will make these sterile regions blossom with the lilies and roses of faith; wending, a solemn pageant, from their ships, they wind through the vista of the years, then disperse and populate the various fields of labor. The music of the military masses, where Champlain holds court with provincial regality, wake the echoes around the grand old faith-founded fortress of Quebec, while anon his pinnace glides like a white-winged dove, harbinger of the glad tidings of salvation, down the azure stream that bears his name, amid the verdant hills of green Vermont. Yonder, where the watch-fires of a new colony are struggling with the misty moonbeams, the solemn chant of the Church's litanies, the lispings of the rosary, and the exultant notes of the *Tantum ergo* are welling from the voices of a little band of pilgrims, who have caught the myriads of flitting fire-flies, strung them together, and entwined them in scintillating circles around the blessed sacrament, as they keep in its august presence the foundation of the new settlement, laid in Mary's name and honor, and hold sacred vigil through the birthnight of Montreal. While the Recollets and Sulpitians, the sons of Olier and the daughters of St. Vincent are initiating the red children of the frontier posts into the mysteries of religion, the glorious soldiers of Loyola are not idle. In the peaceful retreats of Mount Desert Island, by the shores of that beautiful lake whose pellucid waters mirror the firmament, and so appropriately bears the name of that august sacrament, whose awful purity shines transparent as a star to the eye of unclouded faith, gentle Isaac Jogues instructs the untutored and war-painted savage in the stupendous doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. In Northwestern Canada and amid the Canandaigua hills, where now the traveller reins his iron steed to revel amid the gorgeous labyrinths of Watkin's Glen, a Brebouf, a Lallment, a Daniel, and an almost countless host of other "black robes," give to the land the charter of salvation, and seal the Church's conquest with their lifeblood. While yonder daring priest, penetrating further than his brethren, is rewarded with the first sight of the world-renowned Falls of Niagara, whose waters, as they dash and foam along, will inseparably mingle with their chorus the name of their discoverer, Hennepin. Truly it needed no papal bull to make America the property of the Catholic Church. Where in all this varied picture figures

Protestantism and its "parsons"? When Eric of Garda rode the seas it was not yet dreamed of. When Columbus leaped ashore at San Salvador, it had not yet been generated, and America had taken her undisputed place among the nations ere it was born. In time, however, it too came down like a wolf on the American fold. The result of its presence can be found in the pictures painted by even its own historians, in the bloody contests for political supremacy in the colonies, in the thieveries of the Knickerbocker traders, in the treacheries and butcheries among the aborigines, in its own internal dissensions, which it displays always and everywhere, and displayed here in Puritanical laws, in hanging New England "witches," in the banishment of Quakers, and in the furtherance of every aim that it hoped would effectually destroy the glorious works of Catholicity already enumerated; such as the massacre of Rasle's colony of Catholic Indians at Norridgewock, and the oppression by the Episcopalians of Maryland of those very Catholics who had given them religious toleration. Beautiful specimen of Protestant gratitude and tolerance, political as well as religious!

The natural results of Protestantism bid fair to display themselves in a warring tyranny, when Baltimore and his band of American colonists, like missionaries of peace, stand between the hostile people and first set them the sublime example of religious toleration and liberty of conscience, a precious boon, of which Protestantism makes a boasting as vain as it is loud. The old drums that beat at Louisburg and the pennons of France drooping over the surrendered fortress of Quebec, proclaim the downfall of Catholic supremacy in America, at least politically. The same brave banners, borne by the troops of Louis XVI, waving amid the tricolor of the Colonists over the battle-fields of the Revolution, and the fleets of Rochambeau and D'Estaing prove, that to Catholic arms is colonial America most deeply indebted for the confirmation of that political freedom and pre-eminence which she first owed to the Catholics of Maryland. The grand Te Deums swelling up from the humble walls of old St. Joseph's Church at Philadelphia, where the Catholic and Protestant soldiers of the Revolution kneel side by side, announce to the heavens the heartfelt thanksgivings of a redeemed people, and to the listening earth proclaim that THE UNION is established on truly Catholic principles; a fact which obviates any necessity for the *formal* supremacy of the Church over the State, which the enemies of truth, forgetting the fact that to the JESUITS of Maryland they first owed all the political liberty they possess, would have us believe is the principle which is ever agitating the Catholic American bosom,—the supremacy of the Church to the utter subversion of the State. No, the Federal Constitution in guaranteeing to every man the exercise of the rights of conscience, practically acknowledges the supremacy of the Church. By the Catholic it is exercised within the limits of the Church's dictation to his own political advantage; by the Protestant, whose own weak brain is the only authority, even ecclesiastical, which he acknowledges, it is enjoyed to his own spiritual and political damnation. To his spiritual destruction we need hardly show how at present; to his political, by all the countless social and political evils which the influence of Protestantism is spreading over our country, and which the counteracting influence of Catholicity alone saves from utter destruction. From the principal violation of this fundamental right in the establishment of schools, which no

honest Protestant or true Catholic durst support, is alone springing as from Pandora's box all the countless forms of obscenity and dishonesty, which, by weakening the high-toned sentiments of the people, are making our men and women, and even our children, "noonday demons," who are dragging us to national destruction.

The historians Bancroft and Prescott boldly affirm the great work which the Catholic Church did in the establishment of our country, and the equally powerful Parkman essays vainly to avoid the same confession, so humiliating to his Protestant pride. The Catholics of America hardly need an historian of their own faith while they can point the finger of reference to the story of these writers; but the work of our country's spiritual regeneration is recorded in letters of imperishable lustre on the shining tablets of the recording angel, who notes the good and evil deeds of men. Truly then, that celestial penman must fold his wings and bend his head in sorrow when he is obliged to tell, that glorious as the recital is, it would be a thousand times brighter were it not for the scandals among those Americans of the household of faith, who are recreant to their glorious mission. If we turn to the map of the United States we will discover that from the Atlantic to the Pacific, "from the iceberg to the palm," our mountains, and valleys, and streams, our political divisions, and our towns and cities bear in countless instances the names of their Catholic discoverers or settlers, or even in the midst of Protestant surroundings are placed under the patronage of saints or sacred characteristics, which the devotion of the early settlers prompted them to recognize. Everywhere, no longer in a mental picture but clearly to our gaze from countless steeples, the cross glistens like a forest goldened by the autumn sun. From countless cathedrals and churches, rivalling in splendor many of the Old World, well up hourly the organ's massive tones, and the chant of mingled prayer and praise. Everywhere, in the deep haunts of the city, in the squalid dens of vice and misery, in the stately and luxurious mansions of the rich, or in the cultivated plains or trackless forests of the country, mid summer's burning heats or autumn's rains, or winter's blinding snows, the faithful priest and devoted nun pursue their avocations of mercy and love, a spectacle of wonder and admiration to even the unbeliever. Hundreds of Catholic institutions of learning are training the intellectual cohorts of the American church. Earnest and devoted laymen are converting by their words or their saintly example thousands of their fellow-citizens; while, crowning all, looms up the vision of the assembled prelates of the American hierarchy in the plenary council of the old mother church of Baltimore, proclaiming in thunder tones that MARY CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN IS THE PATRONESS OF THESE UNITED STATES.

The approaching Centennial of American Independence will show that, marvellous as has been the political and material progress of our country, its spiritual regeneration, wrought by those earnest children of the Church who, in spite of social ostracism or open persecution, have stood and labored in solid phalanx, is ten thousand times more wonderful, while it will at the same time prove that what is known as the Protestant religion, is a negation of all religion, and has strewed the land with wrecked souls, with religious dissensions, with vice and immorality under every most horrible and repulsive form, in a word, has labored with a satanic pertinacity which bids fair to be ultimately successful in

the attainment of its real aim,—the destruction of our entire nation. This has been its end in Europe, why not here? If the United States shall live politically to celebrate the second centennial of their Federated birth, they will owe the honor solely and exclusively to the leaven of Catholicity, which has never ceased to ferment the mass of Protestantism. Yet all this result of the Church's work has been done in the face of and despite an opposing element far more fatal to its work than Protestantism; we mean liberal Catholicism and the worldly indifferentism of those creatures whom we pictured in the beginning as wild beasts in the menagerie, and who are a quadruplicated cross-breed between the social flunky, the intellectual toady, the political parasite, and the moral carrion-crow.

IF AMERICA BE A PROTESTANT COUNTRY, IT IS ONLY FOR THE WANT OF UNITY AND ENERGY AMONG US CATHOLIC UNITS WHO COMPOSE THE BODY OF THE AMERICAN FAITHFUL. It is only for that imbecility of character which is the special mark of too large a portion of our people, towards whom heaven has been by no means parsimonious in its mental or material or physical gifts—people who, in regard to all the higher aspirations and nobler aims of life, return stillborn to the kindred dust from which they sprung. Would that it had been, for then they would have had some excuse for the shameless indifference to all that is glorious in their faith. Especially is this true of some of our public men.

It has not been long since we heard a distinguished Catholic clergyman, whose life has been devoted to the training of young men, say, that many of his students had reached places of high honor and profit in the political arena, but that he had never yet been able to get a single one of them to act therein with the fearless independence of a Catholic, conscious of the dignity and nobility of his baptismal birthright, and we have seen the humiliating spectacle in our public legislative bodies, of Catholic members who displayed the shrewdest political ingenuity in securing a profitable place among the delegates, but who were struck as dumb and acted as backwards as Balaam's long-eared steed while anything detrimental or favorable to the interests of the Church was being discussed or voted on.

It is to palliate their own shame that these people prate in the style which forms the opening paragraph to this paper, but the whole statement is not only a shameless lie in itself, but a gross libel on our Protestant fellow-citizens. Protestantism as a system has been the object of our attack in this article, because it is essentially evil, but our Protestant fellow-citizens individually have too little regard for its vacillating hold to pay much heed to its grasp. Hence they have become indifferentists, whose only worship is paid at the shrine of that nondescript goddess, good-heartedness. They are "liberal" to a large degree, and they have not only a right but it is their duty to be so as far as regards Catholicity. While many of these false ideas of liberality do the work of infidelity and poison so many of our own people, yet the liberality of Protestants is on the whole of a superior order to that which infects weak-kneed Catholics. It makes them in many instances genial towards their Catholic fellow-citizens, and with their geniality comes a disposition to inquisitiveness. They begin to take a sort of general interest in the Church, they attend its services, they are delighted with its ceremonials, they are pleased with its open-air demonstrations, they search into its dogmas, they end by either becoming converts or else

friendly champions of the Church. Woe betide their eternal salvation if they look to the example or instructions of any of their liberal Catholic associates. Like the hearts entrapped by the tempting eyes of the fair maidens in Tom Moore's song, these frauds of Catholicity will lead them not to heaven, but "the other way, the other way." Is not this our daily experience? These Catholic liberalists stand on weak foundations both socially and religiously, and therefore seek to extenuate their conduct by preaching the "policy" doctrine. Yet there never was a persecution raised against the American Church that came directly from Protestants, but claimed as its true parents renegade Catholics, for they are the stuff of which traitors are made, and no drop of martyrs' blood was ever disgraced by coursing through their veins. It is not love or solicitude for the Church that rules their conduct, but shame lest the glorious name of Catholic should be a password for a social ostracism, which exists only in their own addled pates, for the truly high-toned Protestant respects, fears, and follows submissively the leadership of the fearless Catholic lady or gentleman. Equally false as we have shown is their grand argument that the toleration of Catholicism in our country is a privilege. No, it is a fundamental, an inalienable, and a divine right. No man gave it. Not even God can take it away, for he cannot destroy the essential rights which he through his Church has once conferred.

Equally false is their expressed desire for the reign of the Church anywhere on earth. They care nothing about the church, and they prove their indifference by the grossest violations of its most sacred ordinances.

In a word, they live, move, and have their being in self, its interests and its pleasures; self is their God, their first beginning and last end, their Alpha and Omega, and in self alone and the things of time do they find their reward. Their lives are a scandal to all around them, and their deaths likewise.

This is the average American Catholic of the liberal school. All Americans are more or less easy-going, as is proved by the political misrule to which they so tamely submit in comparison with their forefathers and great-grandmothers, who utterly refused to write on stamped paper, or drink tea that was taxed a cent to the pound, but our liberal American Catholic is, except in matters of purely private interest, by all odds "the tamest thing out," yet he pretends to look exultingly forward to the religious millennium, the reign of Catholicity in America, yet, if he ever dreamed of seeing it, he would pack his trunks and start immediately for Paris, the temporal and eternal heaven of all good Americans.

Long years ago, however, the sadly sweet voice of the world's Redeemer spoke upon the plains of Judea a warning prophecy, which will echo through all time for those who thus turn their backs upon him.

"*Amen! Amen! I say to you, the people of Nineveh shall rise in judgment against this generation, and shall condemn it; for they did penance at the preaching of Jonas the prophet, and behold! a greater than Jonas here. And the Queen of the South shall rise in judgment against this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost bounds of the earth to listen to the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon here.*"

There is a judgment then for these people, and the salvation of the nation at large may be the only limit of its exercise. God's work will triumph in spite of all obstacles. He holds

the fate of nations in his hands. With no nation has he dealt so bountifully as with ours, be its ultimate and complete sanctification what it may or come when it may, of one thing we may be certain, that at the banquet-table, whereat the true Catholics of America will celebrate her national redemption, and make merry with celestial mirth over her sanctification, there will be no "liberals" among the guests, but in the pauses of the festal music there will come a distant sound of weeping and gnashing of teeth from disgraced guests, who have been cast out to a place of torture, to which none were called, but many chose blindly to go. To the placing of this culminating glory upon our country's brow it is therefore doubly incumbent upon the faithful to lend their zealous co-operation. The principal means towards it, and at the same time the best antidote to the baneful influence of "liberalism," what is it? We have told it often before, but we cannot too frequently repeat it,—Home Education. It was this that made the forefathers of our country; it is the want of this which has, under the sway of Protestant influences, principally degraded their descendants; it is this alone which, administered according to sound Catholic principles, must redeem them. When autumn has stripped the gardens of earth of all their beautiful blooms, we rear beside our genial hearthstones those delicate plants which cheer us through the winter's gloom, and which thus carefully preserved stand with natural vigor when they are set out at spring's return, and summer strikes them with her fiery darts; so it must be with our rising generation. If we train them carefully at home during the wintry gloom of our national disorder, we will find them the foremost workers of our national regeneration, and the most brilliant conservators of its climacteric glory.

THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

Chapter XI.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND. THE FRAU FLOHRBERG MEETS WITH A RICH RELATION.

"An odd thing, this," said General O'Donnell to his wife, "here is a letter in a strange handwriting, bearing the London postmark, and directed to my care, to be forwarded to our friend, Von Sulper; well," he added, "there is a delay in its having been sent to Coblentz, in the first instance, so Herr Von Sulper shall have his letter at once; as soon as I have breakfasted I will take it to him."

The letter was from Herbert Mainwaring, begging the Herr Von Sulper to be in London at the time of the trial, as he would form an important witness in the case in question, on the side of the accused, it being himself who had given Fraulein the money, wrongfully supposed to have been part of the cash received when the bracelet was pledged.

The morning then was not very far advanced, when General O'Donnell emerged from his house in Vienna to seek his friend, who was still lounging over a cup of chocolate, when he entered his room.

"A letter from London, my good friend," said the General, placing it on the table as he spoke.

"From London!" replied Von

Sulper, in much astonishment, "and forwarded on from Coblentz, I see," he added, glancing at the superscription, "for it is addressed to me there, to your care. What *can* this mean? I have no London correspondent that I am aware of."

He opened the letter, read on in extreme amazement, then laying it down, still but half read, he exclaimed,—

"Good heavens! General, I am requested to return to England, immediately, to give evidence in a criminal case, in which your poor little friend the Fraulein Flohrberg is concerned."

"What is it you say?" said the General. "What on earth can you have had to do with Maria? Why you never saw her till you met her on a visit to my wife at Coblentz."

"I met her since then, however, in much distress, in the streets of London," replied the gentleman. "But let me quietly, if I can, read the rest of my letter, and I will then tell you all I know of poor Fraulein's troubles."

He did read the letter through, very carefully pushed his cup of chocolate away, and ended by giving the letter to the General, and pacing up and down the room in a state of extreme agitation.

The General perused it, too, and aghast with horror at finding of what a crime his poor protegé was accused. When he had finished the perusal, Herr Von Sulper stood before him, and, in a serio-comic tone and manner, exclaimed,

"See, General, what a pretty mess I have got myself into by my knight-errantry in succoring distressed damsels; yet, go I must; even if I could refuse, what a wretch should I be, for, if they bring in a verdict of guilty against this poor young person, the sentence will be transportation for a long term of years."

"I am much distressed at all you have told me," replied the General, "but how, or in what way, may I ask, did you become acquainted with Maria, so as to be involved in this affair?"

Herr Von Sulper then told his friend the circumstances under which he had met with Maria, and added, "I was looking out for a cab to convey me to the steamer, when I met the Fraulein; before I parted from her, I looked at my watch, and found it was a little more than half-past seven; I had gone some little distance, and remembered I had forgotten a small parcel; I hurried back to the hotel to get it and returned. What I then thought a strange similarity as to dress, now flashes across my mind as a most remarkable coincidence; within a few paces of a pawnbroker's shop stood a woman, whose height and dress exactly corresponded with that of Maria Flohrberg; I went up and spoke to her, but as she raised her veil I discovered my mistake; and I could identify that face wherever I might come across it, or amidst a thousand others."

"Poor Flohrbergs, poor Flohrbergs," sighed the General, "how unfortunate they *always* are; this news will kill my poor friend should he hear of it; he is a worthy creature, and loves Maria as if she were his own child, which, in fact, she supposes herself to be, though I and all *old* friends know the reverse."

"Not his child!" exclaimed Von Sulper. "Why what could induce a poor man to burden himself with the child of another person?"

"She is his wife's niece," said the General; "was left, a mere infant between two and three years of age, to the care of a maiden sister, by her dying brother, his wife having, before her husband's illness, left his roof and gone no one knew whither; the real duties of a mother had been discharged from the child's infancy by its

aunt, and so it came to pass that, when Flohrberg, then serving under my own command, married Fraulein Von Alstein, a native of Munich, they decided, as there was little to be said in favor of her parents, that the little Maria should be brought up to consider them as her own, and so—"

But here the General was interrupted, the countenance of his friend had assumed an ashy paleness; he staggered as a man might under the influence of liquor, and said,

"Repeat that name, my friend. Is it possible you said the lady's maiden name was Von Alstein? Tell me her Christian name."

"Ida," said the General. "I have heard Flohrberg address her by that name; she has signed herself thus in writing to my wife."

"Oh! Heaven? is it possible?" exclaimed Herr Von Sulper; "know then, my friend, that Ida Flohrberg is my sister, this Maria, my niece.

"Listen, General," he said; "you have known me but a very few years, and that by letter, personally, only since my return from America, four months since. I will tell you briefly the history of my life, and how, though I bear no longer the name of Von Alstein, I am, nevertheless, brother to the Frau Flohrberg.

"It is now somewhat more than twenty-seven years since, that with only my passage-money paid and a few thalers in my pocket, I set sail for America, to try whether a more regular life, combined with industry, would help to retrieve my shattered fortunes; my brother and myself, but more especially my brother, had led far from steady and prudent lives, thus the very moderate competency bequeathed us by our father was soon wasted away, and our sole female relative, Ida, was then supporting herself by giving lessons in music, an art in which she excelled, and of which she was passionately fond. Meanwhile my brother Franz had made a rash and imprudent marriage, allying himself to a young Irish woman, whose sole recommendation consisted in the perishable charm of a very pretty face, but who was a vain and selfish woman. His union was productive of excessive misery; in every respect ill-assorted, constant discord was the result; and, but two years and a half after the birth of her child, at the very moment when the fortunes of my poor Franz were at their lowest ebb, she suddenly left her home, and he afterwards heard had engaged herself as companion to an English lady who had been making the tour of the continent, and who had left Germany for England on the very day his wife had disappeared. When I received this news I had been already a year and a half in America, struggling still for a mere subsistence, and but very rarely corresponding with those whom I had not the power to assist, and who could not assist me. I heard but once more from Munich; the next letter was from my sister Ida, and contained the news of my brother's death, and her adoption of the child he had intrusted to her care.

"As for myself, the next ten years of my life rolled on in one almost unavailing struggle with fortune, and I was beginning to give up all attempts to earn a decent competency with despair, when an event happened which placed me eventually in the prosperous circumstances I now enjoy.

"There arrived in New York a Dutch gentleman of considerable fortune; he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and in a fortunate hour I procured an introduction to him. I became his managing man, with an income sufficient to place me far beyond the reach of distress. I was now leading a regular and

steady life, fond of business, and quiet; mindful, too, that there was a better world, and striving to push my way on to it; I had not, I must also add, forgotten my poor Ida and her little charge. I wrote to Munich, but received no reply; again I wrote, this time to an old friend. Both letters were returned, the one to our friend with the intelligence that he was dead, the former that no such person was known in Munich. I then decided that, either in the long term of years which had elapsed, Ida was herself dead, or married and removed to some distant place, or, perhaps, left Germany altogether.

"I had, too, when fortune at last emptied her gifts into my lap, decided on visiting once more the land of my birth; but my patron, Herr Von Sulper, was now falling into years, and implored me to abandon all idea of such a journey, for at least some time to come.

"I eventually married his only child, and sole heiress to his large property; we had no children, and, unhappily, my Amelia died before the good old merchant, who then executed a will, leaving me heir to all he possessed, on condition that I, for the time to come, formally laid aside my own name, and bore that of Von Sulper.

"Hence, you see, how impossible it was that I could have any suspicion, when I twice met poor Maria at Coblentz, that she was in any way connected with myself. Now, however, I am full of a restless anxiety till my return to England, for, you will observe, my dear General," he added, pointing to the various post-marks on the letter, "that this epistle has been sent to several places, wherever, in fact, you have been known to be a sojourner, until at last it has found me here. There is one person though, whom I must visit first, and that is my poor Ida, the more so that she is in sorrow and suffering."

Herr Von Sulper, for so we must call him, lost no time then, but bade adieu to the amazed General, hastening to make the few arrangements necessary, prior to his sudden departure for England, and the former returned home to surprise his wife with his news, and tell her that the hen with the golden eggs had, at last, turned up for the hitherto unfortunate Flohrbergs.

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"Who on earth can that be so late? run and see, Mina," said the Frau Flohrberg, as she sat wearing away her once fine eyes in mending clothes scarce worth mending any longer, by the dim light of a small candle, and as Mina hastened to obey her mother's request, the poor Frau looked uneasily at her still sickly husband, whom the timely gift of Squire Mainwaring, Maria's money having been stopped it will be remembered, had saved from the horrors of a prison. But there was cause yet for fear, in some way or another; or why was it that Frau Flohrberg laid her hand upon her heart and changed color so fearfully, when she heard a strange voice without, inquiring for herself.

And still more did her cheek and lip grow pale when she heard the words, "I *must* see your mother," and heard, also, the stranger's footsteps coming towards the room. Ah, poor Frau, it is fear for your husband, that husband who cannot keep his family on his poor little income, that makes your heart beat so wildly.

But Von Sulper enters the humble room, and the brother and sister, so long separated, gaze on each other as strangers gaze. He cannot see one trace, in the matronly, elderly, plain-looking woman before him, of the bright-eyed and handsome Ida of nigh thirty years since. Aye, thirty years; they had snatched, one by one, the roses from her cheek, and ploughed the

fair open brow with furrows; they had turned almost white the rich, smooth, brown locks, so that Ida Flohrberg was a totally different being from the Ida Von Alstein, her brother Heinrich had bade adieu to so long since.

And so, ye fair young damsels, count not as things of sterling value, your beauty and your youth. Alas, alas, both will quickly vanish; the hand of time passes on so very speedily, you see, and it takes this frail gift along with it, if, haply, it fadeth not under the touch of care and rude contact with the world, when adverse fortune frowns, or sickness cometh not to make a wreck of beauty, even while the fleeting period of youth remains. Not that Ida Flohrberg had ever erred this way, for humble and simple, virtuous in girlhood, and religious without any ostentation, showing forth the beauty of religion by the rectitude of her life, rather than by words, ever unselfish, and ready in a thousand little acts of kindness to aid her neighbor when occasion presented itself, the life of Ida was a perpetual homily on the beauty of the Christian faith to all who approached her.

But to return from our digression; with tremulous hesitation, the Frau inquired the cause of the stranger's visit; he replied:

"I am informed you bore, before your marriage, the name of Von Alstein; is that information correct?"

The Frau answered in the affirmative, wondering what could be the purport of the stranger's visit.

"I am the bearer of a token, given by you some thirty years since to a brother, who left Munich for America."

"Heaven help me!" said the Frau, supporting herself by the chair against which she stood; "it surely is not possible, Mein herr, that my brother Heinrich still lives."

"Behold your souvenir, Frau Flohrberg," exclaimed the stranger, withdrawing from his neck a small gold cross, the back of which, on touching a spring, disclosed to view a lock of dark brown hair.

The Frau Flohrberg gazed in a sort of bewildered astonishment, too intense for words; she fixed a sort of half-frightened stare on the face of the elderly, staid-looking gentleman before her, and in vain tried to associate a single feature in the face with those of her forgotten brother Heinrich. No, that hard weather-beaten countenance bore not any resemblance to the face which her recollection of Heinrich brought before her.

But Herr Von Sulper could no longer dissemble, and the words, "Ida, my sister, Heinrich is before you," trembled on his lips, whilst his strong arm sustained the feeble form of the weak woman.

The little scene that ensued can be better imagined than described, for the young people came in for their part also; carrying Uncle Heinrich off in triumph to their father, his wife having first roused him from slumber, and told him, as well as her emotion would allow her, that Heinrich had, at last, come back to Germany, aye, and had been here many months before, for that Maria was wont to meet her own uncle at the General's but, of course, did not know him under the name of Von Sulper.

And then, when the first outbreak of joy was over, Von Sulper had to tell about poor Maria, how strangely he had been wont to meet her, in her visits to Coblentz, and yet knew not the relationship that existed between them; of the assistance he had rendered her on his chance meeting in London, with this stranger niece, and which had been so wofully turned against her, and of the robbery, to give evidence in the trial concerning which he was then on his way to

London, proposing but to tarry with them till the following morning.

"I must go with you, Heinrich," said Flohrberg, rising suddenly from his couch, "I cannot remain here idle, I must be in the court whilst the trial takes place."

"Nonsense, Adolph," replied his wife; "it is impossible, remember how ill you have been; do you not know the doctor has told you to keep yourself perfectly quiet."

"I tell you, wife, I cannot keep quiet, and if my new friend, Heinrich, will only say I may bear him company, I am sure I have strength for the journey."

"And for the excitement? I fear not," said Von Sulper, looking doubtfully at the patient, and sorrowfully, too, as his eye fell on the sleeve of the coat dangling loosely by his side; "but you must bear in mind, my good brother-in law," he added, "that should you be unhappily taken worse on the road, it will seriously interfere with my travelling by such rapid stages as I otherwise should, and might greatly delay me, and I am already later than I ought to have been, through that poor Maria knowing of no address but the General's former quarters at Coblentz."

Flohrberg seemed to yield compliance with his wish, and the night was far advanced ere the little party broke up, previously to which, the rich relation had spoken of a commission for Gustave and college education for Wilhelm, the one lad eager to enter the army, the other the church. Heinrich had also placed a handsome sum of money in the hands of Flohrberg, telling him that when he came back to Germany he hoped to see their house more comfortable.

Von Sulper was up long before the sun, in spite of the late hours he and his newly-found relations had kept; but there was one, so lately and even now an invalid, who was stirring as early, too, and this was poor Flohrberg. He could think of nothing but Maria, his poor dear Maria; no child of his, but whom he loved, as only a father can love.

Heinrich could scarce credit his own eyesight, when he looked at his brother-in-law, ready equipped for travelling, a small carpet bag in his hand, and with determination expressed in every line of his pale countenance.

"I shall come with you, my good fellow," he said, "unless, indeed, you positively forbid my doing so; I really feel much better, notwithstanding late hours and much excitement. You will have no cause to repent having done so, should you allow me to bear you company."

Von Sulper had not the heart to refuse, so the good Frau's objections were all overruled, and the brothers-in-law departed; the heart of the Frau Flohrberg lighter, as far as regarded worldly means, but heavy enough as to the fate of Maria.

Chapter XII.

MARIA IS TRIED. HERR VON SULPER RECOGNIZES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE. THE ACQUITTAL. WILSON IS CONDEMNED.

The dreaded day, so full of nervous excitement for poor Maria Flohrberg, is at length at hand.

On the whole, the poor harassed creature had borne up tolerably well; the good-natured Mainwarings had not allowed her to be left much alone, during the few weeks that had elapsed, yet there had been moments, nay, *hours* of unutterable agony, when the thought of the criminal charge which had been brought against her would pierce her to the quick, when fear, an overwhelming fear, lest her innocence should not be fully cleared up, would seem, as it were, to paralyze every faculty of her soul.

Herbert Mainwaring and the solicitor who was to conduct the case, began, however, to feel much annoyed at the non-appearance of Herr Von Sulper; they had written to Coblentz, and we have seen what delay the letter had unfortunately met with, through the General having left the place; and they then telegraphed to the quarters of the latter at Vienna, the very day Von Sulper had left, to go in quest of the Flohrbergs.

Mary had reached London, three days before that appointed for the trial, and each of the friends noticed a striking change, for the worse, in the appearance of the other. Clad in the deepest mourning, poor Mary's countenance, robbed of its usual lively expression, and almost as pale as that of her German friend; herself, too, more nervous than the barrister had supposed, so cool and self-possessed had she always seemed, it were hard for the casual observer, if he had judged from the outward bearing of the two young women, to have guessed the accused from the witness.

At an early hour, the kindhearted Mr. Mainwaring arrived in a cab for his young friend; Mary O'Donnell being accompanied from his house by his son. Of the family of Mr. Montague, no one was present but his wife and the woman Wilson, who had been subpœnaed as witness against Maria Flohrberg; the housekeeper, who had let Mary O'Donnell out, and who had been subpœnaed on the part of the accused; the pawnbroker and his assistant were also present.

In much anxiety Herbert Mainwaring approached Fraulein, on his father leading her within the precincts of the court, and inquired as to whether she had yet heard of, or from, her German friend.

With her heart throbbing wildly, from the intense nervous agitation under which she suffered, and covered with the deepest shame at the ignominious position which she so unjustly occupied, Maria then took her place in the dock.

The jury having been duly sworn in, the business of the day commenced; and Mrs. Montague's counsel opened the case. The principal, nay, the apparently conclusive points in the minds of all who heard him, being, the bracelet having been pledged in Maria's name; the maid Wilson having met her on the staircase on her return home a little after eight; and the identifying of her shawl and dress by the pawnbroker and his assistant. Maria grew yet paler, and colder, as she listened. Was she to be utterly destroyed? Even her innocent intention, when preparing to leave home to get an order, in lieu of the gold Von Sulper had given her, had been, she found, construed into a consciousness of guilt.

The first witness called into the box, was Mr. Stevens, the pawnbroker, who made oath, that on the night of the twenty-third June, he had received in pledge, for the sum of twenty-five pounds, a diamond bracelet, from a person who called herself Maria Flohrberg; that it was a few minutes before eight in the evening; and that the person spoke in the French language.

But, if Mr. Stevens betrayed considerable agitation, and nervously played with his fingers, whilst answering his own counsel, how much more when replying to Herbert Mainwaring's questions.

Nothing, however, could shake his evidence as to the time at which the trinket had been offered. He was asked could he identify the prisoner as the person again; and he replied, "No, I think not."

"But that answer will not do, sir. Can you, or can you not, swear that the prisoner at the bar is the person who gave you that bracelet? Now, remember, you are on your oath."

"I, I am sure I cannot say," replied the pawnbroker, "she kept her veil down; I would not like to say, on my oath, that was the person; but I could swear to the clothes she wore, if they were here, so could my assistant."

Poor Maria's unfortunate shawl and bonnet were here handed up, to the intense amusement of the bystanders.

"Those are the articles the person who came to my shop wore on that night," said Stevens.

"You are positive of this," said Herbert. "What can have made you remember, so clearly, one shawl out of perhaps a hundred you may have seen on the day in question?"

"They are old-fashioned articles," replied Stevens, "not such as one often sees; and my assistants were laughing about them and asking each other what they would lend if they were brought to us to pledge."

"And you have said, that this person spoke to you in French, and that you know that language well. Was it good or bad French that she spoke?"

"I should say not very good," replied the man; "the accent was not good."

"Oh, the accent was not good wasn't it? On your oath now, can you swear that it was such French as you know Germans are apt to speak; or the French of a person who is a not well-educated Englishwoman?"

"I am sure I cannot say, afraid to say on my oath," replied Stevens, in a state of the greatest perturbation, looking now at the ceiling of the court, then at the judge, then at the counsel, in a state of the most perfect bewilderment.

"Speak to the point, sir. On your oath was the French that person spoke to you, the French of a foreigner, or of an Englishwoman?"

"I can't say; would be afraid to say, unless I heard the person speak again."

"Very well, sir, I've done with you, for the present; you will speak more positively a little later, perhaps."

The pawnbroker's assistant was then sworn, and deposed, on oath, to the fact of the bracelet having been pledged at a quarter or ten minutes to eight; and also identified the shawl and bonnet, as having been worn by the person who pledged it.

At this moment Herbert was called aside; he returned a few moments later, and the friends of Maria Flohrberg thought that they discovered an expression of intense pleasure in his handsome and hitherto anxious countenance; he certainly then had heard something which had assured him the trial would terminate favorably for Fraulein.

The woman Wilson was the next witness examined; she would have kept her veil down, but was ordered to remove it, and she certainly disclosed a face in which there was not a single prepossessing feature; when she spoke it was to answer her counsel, in such low and hurried accents, that he was obliged to tell her to raise her voice, and speak less quickly.

"You say that you saw the bracelet on your mistress's table, after she left the house; that you went up-stairs, and remained in your own room; and that returning to the dressing-room at a quarter past eight, you met the Fraulein Flohrberg on the staircase; that she told you she had been out for a walk. Now, will you please to tell me *how* it is you *knew* it was just a quarter past eight when you met this lady; what had occurred to enable you on your oath, to mention that particular time?"

"Because the Fraulein Flohrberg, herself said, when she met me, 'It is now a quarter past eight,

Wilson. I am not well, and shall go to my room; do not let any one disturb me.'"

"You are quite sure, now, that you are correct? You are on your oath; but, supposing the Fraulein really did say this to you, how do you still know that there was no mistake as to time; might not the Fraulein, herself, make a mistake?"

"I am quite right, and say it on my oath," said the undaunted Wilson.

"Well, now, do you not remember that night being out yourself, about the very time you say you met the Fraulein on the staircase of the house in Harley Street?"

"No, sir, I was not out at *that* time; but I did go out much later," said Wilson, meeting the young barrister's penetrating gaze with a calmness as great as his own.

"And you remember, don't you," said Herbert, "meeting a gentleman in Oxford Street, not many paces from Mr. Stevens's shop; he mistook you for another, and addressed you, but as you raised your veil he discovered his mistake? Now, think carefully before you speak, and I'm sure you'll remember the circumstance to which I allude."

A close observer, and there were many such in the court, might have noticed a slight twitching of the muscles of the woman's mouth, as Herbert thus closely questioned her; but she quickly recovered herself, exclaiming, loudly,—

"I'm sure, sir, I can't call to mind anything of the sort, nor how many times in the course of my life impertinent strangers may not have spoken to me in the streets."

"O, very well, very well," said Herbert, "we shall return to this point, later." Then, addressing the judge, he said, "My Lord, a very important witness will, I find, attend in the court, presently, when this witness will have to be again examined on the point concerning which I have been questioning her."

A flush of pleasure lighted up, for a moment, Maria's pale and anxious face, for her solicitor had leaned forwards, and whispered, "Have courage, I understand Herr Von Sulper is in town; we shall get you safely through."

All the witnesses for the prosecution having been heard, Mary O'Donnell was put in the witness-box.

She raised her veil, and disclosed a countenance the sweetness of which won her the admiration of all; naturally fair, the sable robes she wore, as also the trying scene she had lately passed through, rendered her yet paler than usual; but in answer to the questions put to her, her voice, loud and clear, rang through the court.

With remarkable calmness and lucidity, the young lady declared, on oath, that she had spent an hour with her friend, early in the evening; that they had gone out together, at a little after seven, but parted almost immediately; that she had made a small purchase, and returned; that Fraulein had reached home before her, and, seeing her cross opposite the house, had, herself, admitted her; that Fraulein had then told her of her having met a friend, immediately after they had parted, who had lent her some money, which she was going to send to her friends in Germany; that the church clock had chimed three-quarters after seven, when she entered the house, and that the time-piece, in Fraulein's room, pointed to the same hour; and that she remained with her friend till a quarter after eight.

A few questions were then put to Mary, but nothing could shake her evidence, which had been given in a remarkably clear and straightforward manner.

Mrs. Somers was then called, and deposed to having let Miss

O'Donnell out, between the hours of eight and nine, on the evening in question, though she could not speak more positively as to time.

Mrs. Somers was about to leave the witness-box, when there was a bustle in the court; the eyes of all turned in one direction, those of the poor tortured Maria not excepted. Two gentlemen had entered, the one a hale, hearty man, the other old before his time, maimed and sickly. Maria gazed till her head swam, and a mist was before her eyes, for she had looked upon her father; and what terror and sorrow were in the glance he had returned her; the other was her friend Von Sulper.

But, impelled as if by a species of fascination, Mrs. Montague riveted her gaze on the face of the German, and she listened with attention to hear what he would say.

He was shown into the witness-box, and a dead silence prevailed in the court; it had transpired that this was the witness whose arrival had been so anxiously expected, and whose evidence, along with that of Mary O'Donnell, who had already proved an *alibi*, would surely cause the acquittal of Fraulein, and put another in her place.

All who felt for the awful position in which Maria Flohrberg stood, hung upon the words which fell from the lips of the German.

Poor Flohrberg's excitement was so great that he was obliged to lean for support on the arm of the Squire, and his eyes filled with tears, as he gazed on his poor Maria, who, with parted lips, and a countenance from which all color had vanished, awaited the termination of this dreadful scene.

"Herr Von Sulper," said one of the officers of the court.

"I have passed, for years, by the name of Von Sulper," replied the German, "but it may perhaps be as well to state, that my family name is Von Alstein, and"—

But he was interrupted by a piercing shriek, which proceeded from a person a few paces from himself. For one instant his eyes met hers; a moment's thought, another gaze—yes, the recognition was mutual, and Mrs. Montague, for she it was who had given utterance to that hysteric shriek, fell in a heavy swoon in the arms of the person who stood beside her.

As soon as the interruption was over, caused by the sudden and strange illness of the lady in question, the evidence of Herr Von Alstein was taken.

He deposed to having met the Fraulein Flohrberg at the top of Regent Street, at half-past seven on the evening of the twenty-third June; that he then lent her the sum of ten pounds, and parted from her after a few minutes' conversation; he then remembered he had forgotten a parcel he was going to take with him to the Continent, returned to his hotel, and was again in Oxford Street, at a few minutes before eight; was struck by the appearance of a female, standing before a pawnbroker's shop, whose height and dress were the same as that of Fraulein; he believed it to be the same person and addressed her as such, but on her raising her veil, he discovered his mistake, for never were countenances more dissimilar.

Herbert then addressed the judge saying, "My Lord, this closes the case for the defence; but your lordship will remember, that I said I should have occasion to ask a few more questions of the witness Wilson." She was accordingly called into the witness-box. He then addressed the judge as follows:

"My Lord, the last witness, Herr Von Sulper, is prepared to swear, that the person whom he accosted outside the pawnbroker's shop, is the woman whom your lordship now sees in the witness-box."

The pallor of death overspread

the features of the wretched being, and almost unconsciously she strove to hold down the thick veil which screened her countenance; but the judge ordered her to raise it, and Von Sulper fixed his eyes full upon her face.

"That is the person whom I spoke to, in mistake for Maria Flohrberg," he said. "I would swear to that face amidst a thousand; it wants but the attire, worn that night, to render the outward resemblance perfect. The scar on the forehead, and the eyebrows almost meeting, I particularly noticed on that occasion."

The shawl and bonnet were shown to Von Sulper; he identified them immediately, as the pawnbroker had already done.

The judge then summed up, dwelling at some length on the fact that the shawl and bonnet of the accused lady had evidently been worn with a view to throw the guilt on an innocent person; an *alibi*, too, had been distinctly proved, and he left her fate, with confidence, in the hands of the jury, convinced that, as reasonable men, they could not take any other view of the case than that which he himself held, also adding, that the acquittal of the accused must necessarily involve the condemnation of another person, who must shortly herself appear in the dock in the light of prisoner.

Again there was a buzz, expressive of unqualified satisfaction, succeeded by the most perfect silence, till the jurymen returned to their places.

They had not been absent three minutes; on their return, the foreman stepping forwards, said, "My Lord, we find the prisoner at the dock 'not guilty.'"

No longer was the pleasure of the eager crowd, who on that day thronged the Old Bailey, vented in a subdued manner; the ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs; the expression of universal satisfaction could not, on the moment, be repressed, but was answered by a loud huzza from the assembled crowd without.

But the object of this unfeigned satisfaction was insensible to all around her; but strong arms were twined around her waist, and removed her from that ignominious dock, and, hurrying her by a back entrance from the crowded court, suffered the fresh breeze to play upon her pale features, and when she opened her eyes, she seemed as if awakening from a hideous dream; but loving faces are around her; there is her dear old father, as she takes him to be; and there is the Squire, too, and her kind friend the barrister, and Von Sulper, surely he must not be forgotten; and Mary, too, is there, looking on with those loving, trustful eyes; and then there comes a flood of tears which wonderfully relieve that poor throbbing brain, and a whispered thanksgiving for her almost miraculous escape; and those who loved her suffered her to weep on, aware that those tears were of marvellous relief to the overcharged brain; and whilst one kind friend procured wine for her, another went in quest of Squire Mainwaring's carriage and to find a way by which the party could quietly leave the court; and Von Sulper,—well, Von Sulper was not thinking even of Maria, just now, save to thank God that his newly-found niece had escaped so marvellously the snares of her enemies, for see how he hurries after one of the officers of the court, in whose hand he had managed to slip a card immediately after the removal of the insensible Mrs. Montague from the Old Bailey.

"Did you deliver my message and my card, as I requested, to the gentleman whom you informed me was Mr. Montague?" asked Von Sulper of this functionary.

"I did, sir," replied the officer,

"and he desired me to say he should be anxious to see you as soon as this terrible business, as he termed it, should be concluded."

Herr Von Sulper returned to his little party, and, in answer to the kind invitation of Squire Mainwaring to join them at dinner, replied that he had a little business to discharge, having settled which, he should feel happy to accept his offer, and would rejoin his friend Flohrberg there.

But a few words more, ere we bid farewell to the gloomy court to which we have ventured to introduce our readers, and then let us depart, for it is an atmosphere which contaminates those who breathe it.

Who should now have exchanged places with the good Maria, but the woman Wilson? Out of her own mouth had she condemned herself, and now she stood within the dock convicted, not only of robbery, but of perjury also; an abject thing, so vile in her wickedness, that the hearts of none were moved to pity her. She pleaded guilty and threw herself on the mercy of the court.

Her sentence for this double offence, was transportation to a penal settlement for the term of twenty years.

The wretched woman had long, as we mentioned before, been carefully hoarding up all she could come by honestly, or dishonestly, and her peculations were numerous enough, though they had hitherto been of a smaller kind, so that, an inmate as she was of a luxurious household, she had not hitherto been found out.

It was her intention, shortly, to have left England for America, taking out with her what she deemed a sufficient sum to enable her and a man whom she wished to marry, to engage in some lucrative business in that distant country.

Wicked people are very cunning, but, with all their cunning, they do very foolish things; thus it is that the most hardened criminals oftentimes overlook some trifling circumstance which a little more deliberation might have set right, and effectually have insured their own safety; but it seems as if an all-wise Providence had designed that this should be the case, for how often are they not caught in their own snares, and lost in their own crooked paths. "Verily," saith Holy Writ, "he who diggeth a pit for another shall fall into it himself."

Had Wilson substituted common sense for cunning, she would have borne in mind, that it were of little avail to disguise herself in the attire of the innocent Fraulein, unless she could also feel *quite* confident that no person would see the latter after she had parted from her on the night of the robbery. She fancied herself quite secure, and that she was going to play what she termed a very cunning, clever trick, little deeming that Mary O'Donnell's *second* most providential call at the house would be the means of saving her friend from her toils, and as she was fated to meet with Herr Von Sulper, her very cunning, in wearing Maria's garments, had served to convict her in more ways than one.

And now let us go forth, gentle reader, into a purer and less tainted atmosphere, away from the terrible court in which sin and vice have been judged, and man's justice meted out to them; let us go forth and breathe the free air of heaven; let us hasten away, for here the very air is polluted.

Chapter XIII.

The Revelations of Herr Von Sulper.

Herr Von Sulper was not at all an excitable personage, oh! dear, no; he was a downright phlegmatic

German, but still he felt a great amount of nervous uneasiness when he thought of the interview that awaited him.

Consequently, he strolled up one street and down another, on purpose to while away the time till the appointed hour had arrived. He was far too restless in his mind, you see, to take part as yet even in the conversation of his friends, as to all that had passed at that detestable Old Bailey, so very engrossing was the one thought that filled his mind.

At last the time had come, and presenting himself at the door of Mr. Montague's mansion, he was shown into the spacious hall, up a noble staircase, and into an apartment, the furniture and decorations of which gave him ample evidence of their owner's wealth.

In one moment he had taken a survey of the whole; from the carpet, whose rich velvet pile sunk beneath the foot, to the satin curtains, the doors of green malachite, the costly mirrors, and various articles of luxury, scattered around with no unsparing hand.

"And has she deserved all this, that selfish, deceitful woman?" murmured Von Sulper to himself, as imagination carried him back to a very humble home in Munich, and a certain scene he had witnessed some twenty-seven years since. But the train of thought in which he was indulging was disturbed by the opening of the door, and Mr. Montague stood before him, holding in his hand the card of Herr Von Sulper.

"I am not aware to what cause I am to attribute the honor of this visit, sir," said Mr. Montague, bowing as he spoke, "though, if rumor speak rightly, the sudden illness of my wife, at the court, this morning, is attributed to her previous knowledge of Herr Von Sulper, though she herself denies it."

A stern, grave look spread itself over the face of the German, and he replied:

"Mrs. Montague and I know each other well, Mein Herr, much better than you think; for she is also more deeply interested in the fate of the unfortunate German lady she has so cruelly persecuted, than she herself imagines."

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what you mean," exclaimed Mr. Montague, in whose mind a thousand conflicting and harrowing doubts whirled with the rapidity of lightning, "and do me the credit," he added, "of believing me when I say, I was truly rejoiced at hearing of the acquittal of that much-injured lady; truly grieved to think that her residence in my family has been the cause of such suffering to herself, whilst the guilty person so narrowly escaped unpunished."

"I do believe you, Mr. Montague," replied the German, "but your wife, Mein Herr, your wife would have persecuted, even to death, that innocent girl; that hard, unfeeling woman would—"

"Hold, sir," said Mr. Montague, "remember, if you please, that the lady to whom you apply such ignominious terms, is my wife, and—"

"Calm your indignation, Mr. Montague, or direct it at its right object," said the German. "I would, nay, I *must* speak to your wife, in your presence, before I leave your house."

"Mrs. Montague cannot see you, sir; she is still ill, and even were this not the case, I should insist on knowing, ere I granted you an interview, what the nature of that interview is to be."

For a moment the German stood as if irresolute, then advancing closely to Mr. Montague, he said, "To tell her that Fraulein Flohrberg, whom she prosecuted for theft, is her own child."

George Montague pressed his hands before his eyes, and reeled like some drunken man, as Von Sulper uttered these words; then, after a moment's pause, as if to gather strength to hear some new and equally terrific announcement, he exclaimed, "And her father?"

"Her father, my twin brother, for whom she evidently mistook me, when in the court, and the husband, whose home she forsook, is no more," said the German, with a countenance full of sadness. "Fear not, Mein Herr, I have told you the worst, but in justice to her child, and my most unfortunate niece, whose relationship to myself I knew not till within these few days past, and whom I saw this day in the felon's dock, I must see your wife before I leave this house."

Not one word did George Montague utter; but with compressed lips, expressive of determination and a resolute will, he rang the bell, and desired the servant who entered, to tell his mistress he wished to speak with her immediately.

A pause of some few minutes elapsed, neither of the men breaking the silence that ensued; then the rustle of a silk dress, without, was heard; the door opened, and the unsuspecting Mrs. Montague entered the room.

Herr Von Sulper's back was to the door, but as it closed he turned round, and confronted Mrs. Montague; her husband stood by, an observant but still silent spectator of the scene. He saw her start, change color, and cling for support to a couch near which she stood; then, as if rendered desperate, she exclaimed,—

"Fritz! Fritz! I heard that you were dead; tell me, in mercy, how is it you are here."

"Not Fritz, madam, but Heinrich. Nay, look again," he said, "for the lapse of wellnigh thirty years, has not quite effaced the features of either, from mutual remembrance, and the strange likeness between poor Fritz and myself, which has wrongly misled you, has not, you see, faded away with time. But, madam, it is not of myself, or of the dead, of whom I wish to speak, but of the living. Woman! cold, heartless woman," he said, "have you ever thought of the child whom you abandoned, solely to the care of a father, stricken with sickness and poverty. Know you that she lives, and lives in the person of the Fraulein Flohrberg, whom you have so cruelly dragged forth as a common thief."

The last words of Von Sulper were lost upon the wretched being to whom they were addressed, for her eyes had met those of her husband, and she could read pity, sorrow, indignation, all combined together; horror and fear took possession of her soul, and she sank senseless at her husband's feet.

George Montague recoiled from the helpless form before him, but he rang the bell, sent for Mrs. Somers, and stood coldly by while she used the ordinary restoratives employed on such occasions, then dismissed her, telling her to remain within call. He then inquired of his wife if she had any questions to put to the gentleman with whom he found she had been so nearly connected.

"It is not true, what you have told me; it cannot be true," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I will not believe that the Fraulein Flohrberg is a child of mine; in mercy do not tell me this."

"I will refresh your memory, madam. Do you remember, madam, a certain night, the last you ever spent in your own home; your husband, my poor Fritz, was sick, even to death; he had received the last rites of our church but three days before; he had rallied, it is true, yet his life hung upon a thread? You remember this, do

you not, madam?" continued the pitiless catechist. But a visible shudder was her only reply. "Well, the funds were at a very low ebb; in short, there was no cash afloat, but that which my sister and your sister-in-law, Ida, now the Frau Flohrberg, madam, could give to yourself and the half-dying Fritz. Your little girl, that poor Maria, whom, to-day, you have brought witnesses against, in a crowded court, lay wailing in the cradle, an infant scarce two years and a half old."

Here the words, "Spare me, spare me," smote on the ear of her husband, and he saw that his guilty wife had clasped her hands over her face, and heard the stifled sobs which broke from her lips. But Von Sulper had no idea of sparing his guilty sister-in-law just then, and he continued in the same cold, pitiless tone of voice.

"And so, madam, you will remember, that you chose such a time as that to carry out the threat you had made to your husband in a moment of mutual recrimination. Your lives had been one of discord, it was true, as must always be the case when beauty, or money, is the object looked for by man or woman; and thus it came to pass, that you left your babe and your husband, reckless whether they lived or died. My gentle Ida, madam, took your deserted child, and, when one year later, she became the wife of Friedrich Flohrberg, my brother being then dead, she and her worthy husband agreed to rear this little waif, thus cast upon their hands, as if it were their own, sparing her the knowledge of her mother's cruel desertion. But, madam, I had lost all clue to my gentle sister's whereabouts, in my long years of absence from my native land; I had never heard the name of Flohrberg; and thus, when I met my poor niece, and your daughter, in my visits to General O'Donnell, at Coblentz, I was all unconscious of the connection that subsisted between us, and probably would have remained so to this day, but that I providentially met your child, that evening, madam, on which you charged her with having stolen your bracelet. She was hurrying, full of grief, to raise money on a miniature she showed me, set with pearls, for the relief of those whom she wrongfully supposed to be her parents, but who had nobly supplied *your* place; I gave her ten pounds, to send to them; the possession of this money was distorted by you into a fresh proof of her guilt. But Providence has not allowed that in every sense her own mother should be the murderess of her child's happiness. I was absent, who could swear to giving her that money. Miss O'Donnell, too, had left for Ireland early the next morning, whose evidence has been so all-important; but at last a letter, summoning me to England, reached my hand through General O'Donnell, and the chance mention of my sister's maiden name revealed to me the truth. As Herr Von Sulper only, had your child Maria known me, and that name, madam, which I have borne these fifteen years, and without which I could not have inherited the fortune, which, at my death, will revert to your child, has served to keep my family in ignorance of our mutual connection, even since circumstances have thrown us together; but, rest assured, had I recognized Maria Von Alstein, my brother's child, in the General's protegée, she would never, as Maria Flohrberg, have sought the bread of dependence beneath her mother's roof. I go, madam," added Von Sulper; "is there any question you would wish to ask me, or any message you would desire that I should bear to the young woman who is not, as yet, conscious of the close affinity that exists between you?"

Mrs. Montague raised her face, bedewed with tears, and, for the first time during the long conversation of her brother-in-law, ventured to meet her husband's gaze. She rose laid her hand on Von Sulper's arm, and looked in his face. and said:

"Each word you have uttered has pierced me to the very soul. I know not what to say. How can I face my deserted and injured child?"

Then tottering across the room, she stood by her husband's side, looked up in a face that had ever beamed with kindness to her, and said:

"George, I cannot face this child, whom I have injured; in mercy to me, do not cast me off without a word; what would you that I should do?"

"Catherine," he replied, gently placing the unhappy woman on a couch beside him, "I marvel not that you should say you cannot meet Maria, after the deadly injury you, her mother, have inflicted; yet, my wife, I leave the decision to yourself; but let me not be here. Not till some little time has passed away could I meet your injured daughter. Much cause, too, have I for bitter reproach, unconscious as I was of the existence of any living tie; above all, of your most cruel desertion of Maria. I would recommend you, now, to seek that quiet and seclusion in the country which you cannot find in London. Return to Fairview, in at least two days from the present time, and at the expiration of a week I will join you with Millicent and Alice. And I would advise you to be guided by Herr Von Sulper, as to whether Maria shall be left in ignorance of the relationship that exists between you or not. Perhaps she may the more readily forgive you the public disgrace you have inflicted, whilst deeming you almost a stranger, than if she knew herself to be your child. However, be guided, as I have already said, by Von Sulper. I shall not see you again, probably, till we meet in Manchester, at the time I have mentioned. I wish you farewell, Herr Von Sulper," he said, "hereafter I shall be glad to see you, and also the injured lady, whom, though I judge it wise that the truth be concealed from her, I shall always regard as my daughter; too happy if, in any way, I can benefit either her or yourself."

As Mr. Montague spoke thus, he turned to leave the room, deaf to the voice of the broken-hearted woman, who so earnestly conjured him to stay. His sense of honor, pity, justice, all had been violated in the person of his wife, and, with his feelings painfully wounded, he hurried away to the solitude of his own room, for thought and reflection.

"I think it better, madam, that the truth should be concealed from Maria," said Von Sulper, rising as the door closed on the retreating form of her husband, "at least whilst the wound, caused by this public exposure, is so great. Leave your case in my hands, and if I see that any good may accrue, by avowing your relationship to Maria, believe me I will not fail to do so."

"Will you, will you?" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees, as she spoke. "Then, with my last breath, will I, who have not prayed for many years, petition Heaven for you. Let me but know that she, even unconscious that she is my child, prays for, and forgives me, for oh! I have been very guilty, hard, and severe, to all who have served me. And God, to punish me, has at last sent my own child on whom to exercise my tyranny."

"Be calm, Catherine," said Von Sulper, raising her from her knees; "be calm, and I will not forget your request. And I would counsel you to thank Heaven unceasingly, that the veil has been thus

drawn from before your eyes; and time yet allowed you for mercy and forgiveness. I could not have returned to Germany, and have left you in ignorance of the truth."

That one word, "Catherine," had touched a chord in the heart of that hard woman; it told her that that severe countenance, that pitiless voice, masked a vein of gentle feeling; that Von Sulper, whilst he hated the sin, would spare the penitent sinner.

"Heaven bless you; Heaven bless you, Von Sulper," she repeated, pressing the hand which now was placed within her own; "and as you hope for mercy, be merciful to me, manifold as have been my offences."

Von Sulper replied not, but hurried from the room, daring not to look on that crouching form which sunk again beside the couch, and, with face buried in the cushions, sobbed so bitterly.

But the closing of the hall door, and each retreating footstep that had preceded it, sounded like a deathknell to the wretched woman, who, rising from her knees, now listened, lest any person should be at hand, her greatest fear being lest she should encounter her children; and then, when all around was still, she hurried up the wide staircase, crossed the gallery, and was about to enter her own room, when she beheld her husband. She sprang towards him, and, falling on her knees, regardless of the chance she incurred of being observed, she exclaimed, "O! George! say that you forgive me."

"I do forgive you, Catherine," he said; and tears rushed to the eyes of the strong man, as he raised his wretched wife from her suppliant posture. "I do forgive you, but I cannot banish from my mind's eye the form of the unhappy girl whom we have so foully injured. Henceforth, Catherine, banish deceit from your character; see you not that you have sinned without a cause, for to know Maria was your child, was to insure a happy home, as far as I could have given her one. But control these feelings," he added, "equally hurtful to yourself and to me, whom they quite unman. I cannot suffer the girls to see you in this state, and am about now to send them from home for the next three days; on their return, you will have left London for Fairview, and, I trust, will have become calm and tranquil when next we meet. Now to your own room, my dear wife," he added, "for I hear some one coming, and would not have you seen with those swollen eyes."

Not sorry, indeed, was Mr. Montague to have a plausible pretext for hurrying from her presence, and with a mind somewhat less distressed, the unhappy woman entered her room, and abandoned herself to her own melancholy musings.

But she must have been more than flesh and blood had she not felt cut to the quick at her past misconduct. The knowledge that her husband knew, and was shocked to the heart's core at the way she had behaved; the remembrance of the manner in which she had treated the unhappy girl, who, dwelling beneath her roof as the governess of her other children, was yet her own daughter; the scene at the Old Bailey; the agonized and pale face of Maria standing in a felon's dock, was ever present to her sight, and ere many hours were over, she felt the effects of her mental anxiety in a violent attack of illness, preceded by heavy swoons, recovery from one being but the prelude to relapsing into another. At length she suffered herself to be prevailed upon to call in medical advice, the result of which was, that she was ordered perfect quiet and confinement to her room for the next few days; and when the doctor met Mr. Mon-

tague, he bluntly expressed his opinion that some great mental anxiety was pressing on the mind of his wife

To avoid any disclosure of the painful secret, Mr. Montague simply stated the affair of the robbery; the doctor immediately attributing the sudden and alarming illness of his patient to the anguish of an upright and feeling mind on perceiving that it had wrongfully accused another, and to the excitement consequent on attendance in a criminal court.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PEACE AND PAIN.

THE day and night are symbols of creation,
And each has part in all that God has made;
There is no ill without its compensation,
And life and death are only light and shade.
There never beat a heart so base and sordid
But felt at times a sympathetic glow;
There never lived a virtue unrewarded,
Nor died a vice without its meed of woe.

In this brief life despair should never reach us;
The sea looks wide because the shores are dim;
The star that led the shepherds still can teach us
The way to go if we but look to Him.
And as we wade, the darkness closing o'er us,
The hungry waters surging to the chin,
Our deeds will rise like stepping-stones before us—
The good and bad—for we may use the sin.

A sin of youth atoned for and forgiven,
Takes on a virtue, if we choose to find:
When clouds across our onward path are driven,
We still may steer by its pale light behind.
A sin forgotten is in part to pay for,
A sin remembered is a constant gain:
Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for,
As next to peace we profit most from pain.

THE CATHOLICS AND THE SECULAR PRESS.

The Catholics of this country, in the enjoyment of their equal rights, and the exercise of their unequal means, have established, and in some degree they maintain, a Catholic literature. In New York the Catholic Publication Society is giving to the public some of the best productions of Catholic pens, and thus aiding in the dissemination among Protestants of the doctrines of our Church, and among Catholics the defence and illustration of those doctrines. We are enjoying, in that respect, the benefits of the press.

Besides these book publications, we have rich periodical literature in the *World*, and many other monthly issues, such as and especially the Record. Then we have numerous weekly papers entirely Catholic, filled with pleasant reading, and reports of the diocesan and parish proceedings, and the account of formation and doings of the many societies, sodalities, benevolent and temperance institutions, which are natural outcroppings of our religion.

Many of the Catholic periodicals with which our religion is favored here are far above mediocrity, are full of usefulness, and often rich in science and the higher literature. "Is not that enough?" it may be asked. No, that is not enough when one great desideratum remains.

He who would promote a great cause among the people must use the means familiar to that people. Those who would remove a prejudice from the public mind must employ implements that are not under prejudice; and those who would reach the public ear must use a voice that has not been made discordant by its advocacy of what has been declared offensive. It would appear that, as a general rule, the Catholic periodical literature of our country has very little influence beyond Catholic circles. Those circles are undoubtedly being enlarged, and the impressions of our magazines are multiplied. But those who read newspapers (and those readers are "the people") cannot fail to see that while the daily press notices with editorial courtesy the appearance of Catholic magazines, the *World* and the Record, and occasionally makes special reference to particular articles, those notices are usually in a style that intimates condescension on the part of the editor, and an appreciation of the ideas and views of the magazines in a style belonging to an established opposite opinion, and a sort of sneer at any one in these days venturing to support views which the Catholic writers are presenting and defending.

We know that editors of the public press—that is, the daily papers—will say that while they are willing to announce the appearance of the Catholic periodicals, and to make general reference to their contents, they cannot be justly required to make such an exposition of the particular views of the Catholic writers as they do of those of Protestants, because they do not hold the same opinion. That view is rational. And again, whenever the secular editor is of the Catholic Church, he knows that his *interest* is not to favor Catholic views. The majority of his readers are likely to be *non*-Catholic. It is easier for him, and much more profitable, to respect the prejudice against Catholics than it is to remove them; and so, with the consoling idea that he publishes or writes for a paper that

has nothing to do with religious matters, he admits irreligious ideas into his columns—uncharitable we mean.

We are not condemning such persons. "Those who live to please, must please to live," and any attempt to favor the Catholic religion by giving it fair play, by admitting its arguments for defence, would create a hostility that would soon admonish that they did not please.

It is a sufficient explanation that the conductors of the secular press do not intend to open their columns to religious discussions. It would be a favor if they should forbear the admission into their columns of what demands discussion and explanation. Religion and politics have become considerably entangled in Europe, and much of that in Continental movements which interests American readers at the present time, is the attempt to consolidate political power by the subordination of religious combinations. A large, perhaps the largest, part of the people of the continent of Europe are ready to admit that the religious element, if not necessary, is at least convenient in the social fabric, and many are anxious to secure it for political uses. There is also a large and a rapidly increasing portion that declare that religion is unnecessary; and in social combination, or in political organization, that all which religion can produce is attainable by a cultivated mind in one class and a selfish abstinence from wrong in another. Hence we find a continual effort on the part of the contestants for power abroad, to lessen the influence of religion by making all restraints dependent upon political power, and a continual interference of the secular power with the formerly admitted right of the religious branch.

The totally infidel portion of the people feel that their efforts to destroy the power of the Church would be unavailing; and those who seek to destroy *the* Church for the sake of making *a* Church which shall be able to assert political power, and gratify the remains of an appetite, a fondness and respect for a religious sentiment are, for the present, doing so much of the work of infidelity that infidels see in them able beginners of a work which nominal Christians must in time hand over to those more able and more consistent co-laborers—the infidels.

Individuals find almost immediate effects from causes that interest them, and a season often serves to show the wonderful results of what a single person has done. Nations may require a longer time to see how certain causes work out events. Society at large is indebted to philosophic inquiry and illustration for a knowledge of the relations between the terrible moral revolution which marked the close of the last century, and the great religious convulsion that distinguished the beginning of the sixteenth. The cycles of great events have vast extent, and the seeds of evil that touch whole generations are slow of germination; but they seldom fail. But work is usually to the same end, only influenced in its operation by the varying circumstances of the people and the time.

The evil circumstances, the infidel influences that characterize the times in a large part of Europe, are as much a study for us in this country as they are for the coterminous nations of the Continent. In the last century months were required to convey intelligence of ordinary events from the eastern to the western continent, and the uncertainty of the effect of particular movements in Europe often hindered their effects—at least postponed them on this side of the Atlantic for years. Now the tele-

graph seems to anticipate, and what is said or done in Europe at noon is spread upon the news-boards of our public papers—without allowing for longitude—some hours before the real occurrence. We are supplied at least with the latest news at the earliest hour.

But after the information comes the defence of the deed of which we have had the news; and, without thought (we will not say with bad intention), columns of defence from foreign gazettes, which are but the special pleading of paid advocates, vitiate the public mind and fix a falsehood. Recently the Baron Von Holtzendoff of Prussia has written a labored article in defence of the action of the Prussian Government against the Catholic Church, and an abstract of that article is presented to the reader of American papers as if there were no possibility of misstatement; and there is no one to reply, no one to correct the error.

Von Holtzendoff is a gentleman of a good Prussian education—that is, an education that has in it no element of religion. He, therefore, writes vigorously and grammatically; but he presents with great partiality the facts upon which his plea is founded. As a stipendiary of the Government, and, we think, a member of the Parliament which he assisted to promote the wrong which he tries to defend, he has shown much more ingenuity than candor.

But what constitutes the greatest cause of offence to Catholics in this country, Baron Von Holtzendoff's pamphlet is not read by its own light, but by the views of editors, who see in the new state of affairs in Germany what they approve and honor. The readers of United States papers are told that the action of the Prussian Government is impartial, and places all classes of religionists on the same ground. Now, those who have read the regulations of the Prussian Government regarding ecclesiastical matters know that such is not the case. But who shall tell the people of the United States that Von Holtzendoff misrepresents, and by what mode of conveying a correction of this statesman's ideas shall the people be reached?

According to the American paper which presents the Baron Von Holtzendoff's view, Catholicity and Protestantism, in its several German forms, started equally two centuries ago. But Catholicity got ahead, and it is inferable that, as Protestants, by indifference to religious matters and religious requirements, lost its spirituality, it acquired political power by numbers, and now wishes to put down Catholicity by denying "the necessity of spiritual watchfulness." On that point we would ask, by what vehicle is the defender of the truth to reach the general ear?

Among the misdeeds which Baron Von Holtzendoff imputes to the Catholic Church in Germany we find the following:

"All the different religious denominations in Prussia should be independent in the ordering of their affairs and the use of their funds." But it is declared that the Catholics managed their funds better than did the poor, inexpensive, and less ready Protestantism. But let us note the consequence. Protestantism remained in its traditional dependence upon the civil rulers, so that the Protestant churches, with more than two-thirds of the population, continue under the control of the king and a council of his appointment, while the Catholics secured to themselves the advantages of what amounted to sovereign independence.

Laughable as such a statement must appear to every one who knows the Prussian character, and is acquainted with the history of religious events in Germany, scarcely

less laughable is the statement of the consequence or fruit of the sovereignty of the Catholic.

Among the things that they could do are mentioned:

"They could baptize children without their parents' consent." So can any Pedobaptist clergyman in this country.

"They could give compulsory education either by friends or in their schools."

Now that leads to the inquiry—What is compulsory education? The Catholic Church requires its members to educate their children, or to have them educated. That may be compulsion. But in several States of this Union, the law makes compulsory a certain amount of education. The children in Massachusetts must be sent to school, or they must be taught by somebody, either by the priesthood or by the laity; and such a provision is proposed in the school laws of our own State.

"They would perform or withhold the marriage ceremony at pleasure, without incurring any legal responsibility."

But could not the priesthood do or forbear the same? Is it not so in this country? Will a respectable Society of Friends allow a man and woman of another denomination to be married in the house of worship? May they not refuse such a use of their house without incurring any legal responsibility? Or will they allow one of their own members to marry a person of another denomination?

The Episcopalians regulate all these matters according to their denominational rules. If a man come to them asking to be married with a divorced woman, they will perform the ceremony if they choose. If he come with his deceased wife's sister, they will refuse him if they choose, and in neither case do they incur legal responsibility.

Another grave charge is, that "the Catholic Church of Germany could inflict ecclesiastic punishment on its offending clergymen."

Surely such a liberty is a right; it exists in this country, and has been exercised in this city by almost every denomination. Certainly the Episcopalians have showed their high sense of the character of a clergyman by the exercise of that power upon the highest order of their church.

But right upon the heels of the charge that the Catholics could punish the offending clergy, is another of a different character, viz., they enjoyed exemption under the civil law that gave exceptional protection to the priesthood. It seems rather difficult to please Baron Von Holtzendoff or his commentators.

But here is another awful charge:

"The Catholics were enabled to call upon the civil power to collect church-rates from insolvent or reluctant parishioners; and even from dissenters."

Surely it cannot have been a very great privilege granted to the Catholics, that of collecting church-dues, or, as we should say in this country, "pew-rents." The church must be maintained; it must be kept in repairs; and the priest must have a stipend upon which to live. "Those that serve the altar must live by the altar."

But terrible as Baron Von Holtzendoff considers the right of collecting church-rates, we suppose it was not a "*privilege*" for the Catholics. Had not the Lutheran Church the right to enforce a contract?

But Americans may smile at such a charge. What Presbyterian, Baptist, or Episcopalian doubts the right of his church officers to enforce upon a pew-holder a fulfilment of his contract to pay the rent thereof?

These charges, which we notice in a most respectable paper, are set forth as if they included some

great abomination. Baron Von Holtzendoff has to make out a case at home, right or wrong; but in this country there is no necessity for disturbing the public mind by such kind of arguments. Men are too apt to take the letter of a statement without much thought, and condemn that abroad which is approved or unnoticed at home. Some years ago, when the newspapers teemed with accounts of the quarrel between the King of Prussia and the Bishop of Cologne, because the latter refused to sanction "mixed marriages under certain circumstances," an estimable gentleman of this city delivered a lecture before a large audience in the Musical Fund Hall, and he took occasion to condemn the tyrannical bigotry of the Archbishop of Cologne, who refused to sanction the marriage of Catholics with people of other religious denominations. As he dwelt with some earnestness on the cruelty of such a rule, and gave some hard raps at the Church that allowed it, and referred most emphatically to the Cologne case, he was asked, the next day, whether he really thought the archbishop was so much in the wrong. He enforced his remarks with some pretty earnest condemnation of a rule that worked such cruelty.

"But," said a gentleman, "you are a member of the Society of Friends, I think, though, neither your dress nor your speech denote that circumstance."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, would Mr. —— have permitted you to marry his daughter if you had been a Catholic or any kind of a Christian but a Friend?"

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"Why not."

"It would be against the rule of Friends."

"Is the rule worse among the Catholics than when carried out by the Friends?"

"No; but then I do not approve of it among the Friends."

"Why, then, did you not illustrate your ideas of religious intolerance by instances nearer home, and among your own people?"

After some few passages more, the conversation ceased. But from that time to this, lecturers have pointed their discourses, and some editors have illustrated their figures, with instances of Catholic tyranny that are greatly exceeded by the exercise of power among those whom they do not consider tyrannical.

This particular form of assault is happily hit off by a newspaper who is pointing out a similar mode of injuriously assaulting, in another quarter. The paper says it resembles the fixed determination of mischief manifested by the brutal husband, who had resolved to beat his wife if the teakettle was not on when he reached home, and was equally resolved to beat her if it should be on when he arrived. It is not difficult to pick a quarrel if the desire exists, and the object to be assaulted is weaker by position or construction. The fable of the wolf and the lamb is applicable, and is being realized in the situation of affairs in Germany.

In the early part of these remarks we pointed to a desideratum for the Catholics. A press that would meet the great class of readers, and be sustained by them, not as the advocate of the Catholic Church, but as a fair exponent of the doctrines of the Church, and permitted practice of those who minister in its service. If such a paper should be professedly Catholic, its statements with reference to Catholic institutions might seem to lack the fairness of neutrality, however correct; but a paper that would have, or rather which would yield to no policy that darkened counsels, concealed the truth, and ministered to obstinate prejudice,

might be made very useful to correct ideas as they touched Catholics. But would it pay?

The Catholics of this country are as a whole poor. There are many instances of men and families enjoying hereditary wealth and maintaining Catholic doctrines; and there are many more instances of business men obtaining great wealth without forfeiting their claims to be regarded as honest citizens and good Catholics; but the proportion of these two classes to the whole is small. The Catholic Church has its temples to erect, its missionaries to maintain, its hospitals and religious institutions to support. And while it assists in maintaining the public schools by its share of general assessment, it has to support its parish schools, that its children may not sharpen their intellects for crime by an education that includes no direction of the mind toward religion. It supports its own schools that its pupils may learn the duty of "fearing God and keeping his commandments."

The question then, of a Catholic daily paper, must be postponed, at least in this city.

The hope of receiving entire justice at the hand of the present general press must be a little deferred. As our own numbers increase, we shall receive that justice which has been not so much denied as omitted; and "fair play" will be allowed to those who are rising from thousands to millions.

The pressure to which we have been exposed, while it may be condemned as unjust, may not prove wholly unfavorable or useless to us. If our people have been driven back from some social intercourse it has enabled our teachers to deal with us more directly and advisedly. The social efforts that have been repulsed from without have been permitted exclusively upon our own. And men and women, feeling themselves more Catholic by their exclusion from general society, have allowed their liberality to flow in the direction of their own creed and its institutions. Hence the immense work that has been accomplished in these United States by Catholics.

No one is permitted to take advantage of his own wrongdoing, and demand commendation for favorable results of unfavorable and even hostile acts. The anti-Catholics cannot arrogate to themselves any praise because Catholicism has flourished. We know the wrathful feeling with which we have been pursued by some of our enemies; and we know how those feelings have been made to work for our benefit, or have been repressed by Him who is ever with his Church. "The wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of that wrath thou wilt restrain."

We must wait patiently for that which we desire. We must endure submissively that which we cannot correct. We must as circumstances permit protest against injurious imputation; and when an opportunity offers we must improve it to present the truth. Hastening to denounce a wrong is sometimes to incur the censure of trying to avenge it, and an untimely interference by the injudicious may serve to outrun the providences of God, with reference to a Church, to which he expresses his attachment by bestowing on her the endearing name of "Spouse," and endowing her with the gracious promise that "he will never leave nor forsake her;" that he "will be with her all days to the consummation of the world."

To the Catholic press, for the present, remains the work of conveying Catholic intelligence and presenting Catholic truth, with regard both to practice and to doctrine. Upon Catholic readers may

devolve the duty of pointing out the erroneous and injurious statements which the secular press of the country borrow from the anti-Catholic and unfair press of Europe. To the Catholics of our country belong the duties of sustaining the institutions of their Church with a liberality proportioned to their means, and illustrating the doctrine and discipline of their Church by lives of such purity and piety as shall commend them to general approval and the Church to respect and confidence.

SOMETHING ABOUT BELLS.

In the bustle of everyday life we are apt to forget or not to notice the poetry in everything about us, from the little prattlers who come chirping at our window-panes for their expected crumbs, long before we have thrown off the welcome bondage of the blankets, to the vast piles of marble and stone which cast their majestic form high in air, offering us a reason for repeating the "Hymn of Ages" to the Supreme Being, whose days are as years in comparison to those it has taken for the growth of those huge tributes stolen from the bosom of mother earth, to do homage to the skill of man.

Nothing is without its interesting aspect, and the printing press, which has made the thoughts of the poet the property of the peasant, has thrown before us the most beautiful words on the simplest subjects, from those who, from out their sweet solitude,

"Ask the iron verdict of the world."

The varied face of nature has been described by the author of "The Seasons" as the

"Great parent whose unceasing hand,
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,"

while love, as sighed through the leaves and streams, the flowers and the fountains, has been sung by man in every clime as

"The very life-breath of his heart."

Scholars have treated of and called our attention to the magnificence of the conquests made by science in the application of the forces of the elements to the supplying of man's wants.

We have our language of flowers as complete as our table of sounds, speaking to us of the mysteries of color, and teaching the Christian that

"There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
True love to us and love undying."

Why, then, should we not declare that sound, the cause of so many and such diversified sensations, should give us to say something about bells?

We cannot become as enthusiastic over our subject as Schiller, whose labored allegory goes to show the bell from its first step towards construction, till the last stroke in service, as figurative of man in the various positions in life, but we can say that a reading up of the charming subject of bells has revealed a wealth of information, a treasure-house of poetry and prose devoted to their language and significance, which as much surprised us, as we presume to believe, a portion of the same will interest the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

We look at the subject from its poetic and agreeable aspect, for we are not unaware that even Dickens, in our own day, may be taken as one who in the greater number of cases finds the "maddening sound of bells" anything but agreeable, while a writer known as the Abbe Thiers, boldly declares the love of bells is synonymous with vulgarity, bad taste, and little sense. And among certain early heretics, bells were styled "the devil's bugles."

Yet, with such extremists as the latter, we have nothing to do. We believe that beauty is found in all things; the poet and the student of nature discover the hidden colors and shades where the vulgar eye and ear see and hear nought but discordant sights and sounds.

There is truth in the song which declares that

> "There's beauty all around our paths,
> If but our watchful eyes,
> Can trace it midst familiar things,
> And through their lowly guise."

To us as we sit at our window, with the pleasant blaze at our feet, and above us the toned light by which we write, it is a pleasure, these cool January evenings, to follow the invitation of the author of "Fifty Suggestions" and

> "Hear the sledges with the bells,
> Silver bells!
> * * * * * * *
> How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
> In the icy air of night;
> While the stars that oversprinkle
> All the heavens seem to twinkle
> With a crystalline delight.
> * * * * * * *
> To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells,
> * * * * * * *
> From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

And then look back to the time of which our friends tell us, when

> "The pealing of the bell
> Spoke through valley, glen, and dell,
> Of the child new-born, loved well,
> Cleansed from sin and saved from hell."

When bells are spoken of, we recall the sounds that years ago told of the humiliation of the Russians, and victory to the heroes of Sebastopol; or again, we bring to mind the merry peals that called parents and children, in our Catholic native land, to the celebration of that day pronounced by the great Napoleon, after one of his grandest victories, the happiest in his life,—that of his first communion. Likewise, though not so often, are we reminded of the sad day when we were called upon to turn the green sod over him

> "That here we see no more."

Is not the bell the precursor of some of life's merriest moments? Who has not experienced the joy felt after the hasty pull of one of woman's best friends, the postman?

Who will say that bells are not an interesting subject? Shall we be blamed for asking our readers to follow us in the peep into their past history, to find what should be our feeling towards them?

The ancients do not seem to have made extensive use of bells, though it would not be unnatural to suppose that when the nature of metals was so well understood, as it was in ancient countries, especially among the Jews, and their foreign employed skill, bells could be no strangers.

The Greeks do not appear to have used them, but to have employed a species of gong for the same purpose.

A writer in the twelfth century, says a contributor to "Notes and Queries," claims that bells date back as far as Noah, who, it is said, struck one with wooden mallets to call the laborers employed in making his ark. Whatever truth there may be in this we do not profess to say, but we know that the Jewish high priest wore a number on his pontifical dress, and the tinkling of these must have been an agreeable appendage to the beautiful garment.

The same practice held sway to some extent in the Middle Ages, when copes were ornamented with pendant bells; and history as well as mythology tell us that in all

ages and countries where used, a mysterious virtue was attributed to the sound of the bell. This is nothing unusual. Agreeable sounds have at all times been considered soothing to the physically or mentally depressed. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says: "The effect of music in raising the energies of the mind, or what we call animal spirits, was obvious to early observation."

Homer, whose heroes exhibit high passions, but not refined manners, represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay "the raging of the plague." In keeping with this was the custom of shepherds, who in olden times, placed bells about the necks of their sheep, believing that the sound would prevent the ravages of beasts of prey, and keep distempers at bay.

Tradition deals largely in the supposed death-bell, which was heard during great calamities, or in violent storms. Rogers, in "Lines to An Old Oak," refers to the supposition thus:

"There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-tossed,
And as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero crossed."

Apart from the tradition to which we have referred, it may be interesting to know, that the Greeks struck their gongs during eclipses, believing that a virtue existed in the sound, and we need not wonder that later nations should have attributed such virtue to sound, since Bible history tells us of the fall of the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet.

It is said on authority that we are allowed freely to doubt, that a certain Father Johannes Dabricius, in a book styled *De Coelo et Coelesti Statu*, devoted 425 pages to prove that the occupation of some of the blessed in heaven would be the perpetual ringing of bells. This goes to show that bells have already been the subject of learned and exhaustive treatment.

The earliest bell bearing an inscription of which we can find particulars, seems to have been that of Fontenailles, made in 1202, and afterwards removed to a neighboring town, where it is preserved as a relic.

The Curfew bell is well known, its tones giving the command that all lights should be put out, under severe penalties.

Atwood has written one of his finest glees to perpetuate the history of the Curfew bell, and among our forefathers it was often asserted, that in any great calamity at sea, the death-bell could be distinctly heard in the winds that howled about the scene of disaster.

The sound of the bell is among the most pleasant reminders of our affiliation with our fellow-men. We have often been told and can testify in our own case, that there is nothing more agreeable when detained on board a vessel waiting high water, than the sound of the Angelus bell from the church in the distance. Its tones tell us of one faith, on sea as on land, and we are led to join in the prayers of those we soon expect to meet.

Bells have been used by the Church from an early date of their existence for various and instructive reasons.

Chateaubriand, in his inimitable way, says of their use in calling worshippers to the Church, "Let bells then call the faithful together, for the voice of man is not sufficiently pure to summon penitence, innocence, and misfortune at the foot of the altar. Among the savages of America, when supplicants approach the door of the cabin, it is the child that belongs to it that ushers the distressed stranger into the habitation of his father; so, if the use of bells were forbidden us, a child should be chosen to call us to the house of the Lord."

The introduction of bells to call the people to divine service is very interesting. It is related that a certain widow, having lost her son, who was taken by pirates, St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, touched by the sorrow of the bereaved mother, generously offered himself as a substitute, and was accepted in the young man's place. The latter had learned the art of moulding from his father, and during the absence of his benefactor, conceived the idea of casting a chalice, which when inverted could, by inserting a tongue, be made to serve as a bell. After some time, the heroic prelate was released, principally through the efforts of the woman he had befriended. On his return to his diocese, the newly-fashioned chalice sent forth its merry-voiced welcome, and the prelate, delighted with the novelty, exclaimed: "This new and attractive instrument shall resound to the honor and glory of God, by calling the faithful to assemble for divine service."

But the Church prepares the bell for its mission as an apostle of prayer by a series of ceremonies, at which most Catholics have at some time or other assisted. This is known as the blessing or baptism of the bell. We are sure our readers will not fail to appreciate what that lovely child of nature, Eugenie de Guerin, says on the subject: "'Tis a pretty thing, a bell, surrounded by tapers and clothed in white, like a child to be baptized. They anoint it, sing, then test it, and make it answer by a tinkling that it is a Christian bell, and will sing for God. For what besides,—for its answers twice? For all the holy things of earth; for birth, death, prayer, sacrifice; for the righteous; for sinners.

"In the morning it will announce the dawn; in the evening the fall of day,—a heavenly timepiece. I will ring the Angelus and the hours when God wishes to be praised. At my call pious souls will pronounce the names of Jesus and Mary, or of some much-loved saint; their glances will rise to heaven, or within the church walls the heart will distil itself into love."

Thus is the bell prepared for its varied offices, of which Bishop Mant writes:

"What varying sounds from yon gray pinnacles
Sweep o'er the ear, and claim the heart's reply!
Now the blithe peal of home festivity,
Natal or nuptial, in full concert swells!
Now the brisk chime, or voice of altered bells,
Speak the due hour of social worship nigh;
And now, the last stage of mortality—
The deep, dull tolls, which, lingering, warning tells,
How much of human life those sounds comprise:
Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb."

French peasants have remarked that even the dumb beast calls for rest on the

"Still morning of the hallowed day;"

when,

"Mute is the voice of rural labor; hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song;"

and "the ox, by his lowing," joins in the merry sounds of the bells which call his master to the worship of the "Great Unseen," who allows it

"To be ours to meditate,
In these calm *days*, *his* Milder Majesty;
And, to the beautiful order of his works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

Of this Sunday bell, an author in "Fugitive Pieces" beautifully exclaims:

"The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
How sweet on ears devout it falls,
While its sweet chimes, with varying swell,
The rich and poor to worship call.
* * * * * * *
Yet still thy calls, sweet bell, repeat,
Till ended all our mortal strife,
In hand-built shrines no more we meet,
But worship in the realms of life."

The church bell has other offices to fill besides summoning us to worship on Sundays and festivals. It is also connected with the remembrance of the most pleasing episodes in most men's lives. Edgar Poe, referring to this, says:

"Hear the mellow wedding bells!
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!"

Being constant companions of man's pilgrimage, they tell of his departure to another world. Of this, the same author continues:

"Hear the tolling of the bells!
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!"

Long after friends have ceased to mourn, and time has healed the wounds in human hearts, those faithful guardians of departed memories will still toll a dirge, when they will have for companions,

"None but the whispering winds of heaven."

In Catholic countries, the joyful peal of the bells announces the arrival of the bishop in the parish, and a consequent general jubilation ensues. Non-compliance with this regulation would be an oversight requiring an explanation from the pastor.

An amusing anecdote is related of one who had not given the signal to the people. Being asked by the bishop the reason for this apparent neglect, the worthy pastor said he had three reasons, the first of which was, that he had no bell; needless to remark that the other two reasons were not required.

Previous to the Reformation, bells were rung throughout England during several evenings of each week in Advent, as a reminder of the approaching festival of Christmas.

In Italy the custom still prevails, that minstrels go from village to village or station, to play before the images of the Divine Infant and his Virgin Mother. In Mexico, and also in some parts of Texas, practices of like significance are of ordinary occurrence. At the beginning of the Reformation, bells were classed among the mummeries of popery, and therefore dispensed with; at least one was considered sufficient in the greater number of churches.

The people of Geneva had particular reasons for discontinuing the use of bells. Previous to the preaching of Calvin, they had held the pious belief that the ringing of blessed bells had the effect of doing away with *evil* spirits. They found, however, that Calvin staid with them in spite of the ringing, when they immediately lost faith in their dispelling power.

One of the most interesting and edifying uses of bells is to announce the approach of the most blessed sacrament to the dwelling of a dying person. This beautiful practice has a double purport. It announces to the sick person the approach of the divine physician, and appeals to the listeners for their prayers in behalf of the departing soul.

The latter is true of the tolling of the bells during the funeral ceremonies, in Catholic cities. We have often heard persons who had travelled in Canada remark, that one of the most impressive souvenirs of their tour, was the remembrance of the tones of the deep-tongued *Bourdon*, as it is called, as heard from the towers of Notre Dame, announcing that another member of the Church militant had gone to his house of eternity, and calling for the prayers of those still left to add to those works, according to which we shall be rewarded.

When the services are for children, such lugubrious tones are not indulged in by the Christian who believes in the communion of saints, established by the regenerating waters of baptism. We have known Christian mothers who, while overwhelmed with a sorrow quite natural on the loss of their little ones, yet felt like addressing the loud-tongued chimes, saying:

"Stop it! no,—but change the tone,
And joyfully, aye, joyfully,
Let the altered chimes ring on
For the spirit that hath flown
Exultingly, exultingly!
It has left its couch of pain,
And shall never feel again,
But as angels feel afar,
Climbed beyond the morning star;
Agony and death unknown,
Let the joyful chimes ring on."

Among those who know the history of a church, will be found the bell-ringers. Usually they are men gifted with a natural or acquired affection for conversation, and a little persuasion in paper or coin will induce them to allow you admission, notwithstanding regulations to the contrary, into the tower, and, with this grant, you will receive a full supply of information.

Sometimes, when alone, they become poets for the moment, and pencil off some original lines. The following was written by one of those important individuals shortly before his departure from the land of bells, and some time *after* he had parted with his grammatical information:

"In ringing ever from my youth,
I always took delight;
My bell is rung, and I am gone,
My soul *hath took* its flight."

In bell literature, we meet with many legends, some of which are really charming. Perhaps the best known, and most generally appreciated, is that of "The Limerick Cathedral Chimes," which can never be forgotten, so long as Glover's lovely music on this tradition shall be preserved, which will probably be so long as music will form a portion of the rational amusements of the educated classes. We take a short account of this from a work before us:

"The remarkably fine bells of Limerick Cathedral were originally brought from Italy. They had been manufactured by a young native (whose name tradition has not preserved), and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work.

"They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent, and with the profits of the sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all, and after the passing of the storm, he found himself preserved alone, amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which these treasure of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon, the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steeple lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the Cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, lay back on his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family, all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked around, they beheld him with his

face still turned towards the Cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him cold in death."

The same story is also beautifully related in verse, but we omit its insertion, as the above is a very agreeable relation of a truly romantic occurrence.

There are few things to which we become more attached in the course of time, in a country place, than to a church bell. A story is related of a certain church which had been confiscated during the early part of the Reformation. In the course of years a better spirit prevailed, and the principal official in the village proposed to do away with the salary of the bell-ringer, as Catholics had to pay for the ringing of a bell for Protestant church services. No sooner had the proposition been heard, than the speaker on the Catholic side exclaimed, "Ask us anything else but this. Why it's the old sound still; take away anything else you like, but by all means let us hear the blessed bell, and we will pay the expenses."

In old English churches it was customary to have a place in which the bell could be rung at the most solemn parts of the divine sacrifice, that persons in the neighborhood, unwell or otherwise unable to attend service, might join in the worship of the moment.

At this sound, the inhabitants of the vicinity, and more so those in the church, felt a command telling them,

"Hence, fancy wild! hence, earth-born care!
With awe let hallowed courts be trod;
Wake all the soul to love and prayer,
And reverence the present God,"

who is

"Our safeguard in dangers that threaten our path,
Our joy in the valley and shadow of death."

In "The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer into the Church," we learn from the preface that the starting-point of the author's conversion was the solemn attitude of the people as the bell brought them on their knees, to adore the Newborn King on Christmas, at midnight mass.

In Irish villages, the bell-house was usually at some distance from the church. Some of these, covered with ivy and otherwise cared for by the people, were among the most cherished objects of this faithful people in the dark days of persecution. Ireland's bells take up a great part of what may be termed bell poetry.

The reader will here recall to mind those beautiful lines from the "Prout Papers," in which the author declares—

"With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus, grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

When away from home, suffering perhaps from the absence of those who once were his own, the emigrant, who has left such cherished scenes as the above describes, how attentively as dusk approaches, and he listens to the Angelus bell of the village church, may he recall the fond memory of

"Those evening bells! those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last he heard their soothing chime!
Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells."

Thus those rushing memories prove that

"Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear."

We all recollect the feelings with which we have been impressed during Holy Week, when after two days' silence, the bells peal forth the joyous chimes at the intonation of the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo.* This will show how deep the association created between us and the least subject with which we become familiarized. It bears out admirably

the assertion of Diderot, who wrote: "Take away all external symbols, and what remains will soon be reduced to a metaphysical jumble, that will assume as many strange forms and appearances as there are heads."

There are certain times and occasions when the stroke of a bell or a chime produces greater effects than at others. Dickens thus speaks of his impressions, when the last strokes of a neighboring chime or clock told him of the approach of a new year and the departure of the old:

"There certainly, we must confess it, is something awful in the sound. Strictly speaking it may not be more impressive now than at any other time, for the hours steal as swiftly on at other periods, and their flight is little heeded.

"But we measure man's life by years, and it is a solemn knell that warns us we have passed another of the landmarks which stand between us and the grave. Despise it as we may, the reflection will force itself on our mind, that when the next bell announces the arrival of the new year, we may be insensible alike of the timely warning we have so often neglected, and of the warm feelings that glow in us now."

The bell plays an important part at sea. Those who have travelled will remember the effect produced by the oft-repeated watch-bell and its companion, the whistle, telling any approaching craft of "danger ahead." The two sounds strangely combine to tell us of the continued watch kept up, and the necessity for it under the circumstances. Several pretty lines have been written on the office of the bell at sea, and in places of danger. Many have read such, but space prevents us from any selection.

The bell holds a conspicuous part in the history of all countries, and in the narration of their revolutions and victories. At the present time, and to America particularly, the bell brings back the recollection of the days that "tried men's souls," and of that grand old public servant whose tongue is now silent, but whose peals and whose closing sounds proclaimed the Colonies free, sovereign, and independent, and thus gave rise to the charming verses, now in the mouth of every American school-boy or girl, and in the heart of every patriotic man and woman in the land.

"How they shouted! What rejoicing,
How the old bell shook the air
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose.

"That old State-house bell is silent,
Hush'd is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
He will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, 'Independence;'
Which, please God, may never die."

When, in 1876, these grand verses shall re-echo through the crowded halls of our Centennial buildings, to the chime of a hundred bells, may the sound as Tennyson writes:

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

And

"Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of our land.
Ring in Faith, Hope, and Charity."

REPARATION:

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

[The incident which forms the subject of the following pages is related in M. de la Place's "Pièces intéressantes et peu connues pour servir à l'Histoire et à la Littérature." The letter of the Maréchal de Villars is textually reproduced, and the description given of M. de P——'s character, sentiments, and conduct is in strict accordance with the particulars contained in the above-mentioned narrative.]

In one of the largest and most aristocratic-looking houses of the town of Calais, a few friends were assembled round the dinner-table in the month of September of the year 1709. Madame de St. Lo, the mistress of the house, was doing the honors with that liveliness of manner and agreeable flow of conversation peculiar to the French nation. Her guests were for the most part military men, belonging to the garrison of Calais. Some of them had been the friends of her late husband; a brave young officer, who had died a few years before, in the flower of his age, at the battle of Blenheim. Many striking anecdotes were related that day of the campaigns in which these gentlemen had been engaged, under Turenne and Boufflers, Villars and Vendôme. The expressive and keenly intelligent face of the young hostess evinced the deep interest which she took in these warlike reminiscences. Her eyes, which had the brilliancy, the softness, and the power which only belong "to a dark eye in woman," alternately "flashed with fire, or melted into tenderness," as the terrible and touching scenes to which war gives rise were described by men who had fought by the side of the husband whom she had mourned with the brave sorrow of a soldier's wife.

When the death of her young hero was announced to her, like the widow of one who, in our days, fell as the Crusaders of old, fighting for the holiest of causes, she snatched her infant son to her bosom, and, whilst bathing his cheek with her tears, exclaimed, "And you, too, shall be a soldier!"

She had been brought up in the love of military glory; every pulsation of her heart, every fibre in her frame responded to the theme. Her father and her brothers, as well as her husband, had been in the army; and her uncle, the gallant Comte de P——, was one of the most distinguished officers in Maréchal Villars's regiment. She had sat on his knee in her childhood, and listened for hours together to his stories of Bayard and Duguesclin; and she was always promising her little son, that when peace was made, and his great-uncle returned to Calais, he too should hear the same tales from his lips, and learn what a French soldier can do for his king and his country.

"There was a knock at the door, mother," whispered the child, who was sitting next her at table. She did not attend to him, for at that moment one of the elderly officers by her side was giving an animated description of an engagement in which he had taken part under the walls of Namur. In a moment, however, a servant came in, and said to her in a low voice, "Madame, will you be good enough to come for an instant into the parlor?" She looked up with some astonishment, and saw by his face that it was for a matter of importance he had thus summoned her; and, mak-

ing a hasty apology to her guests, she rose and went into the drawing-room. The candles had not yet been brought in, and it was only by the light of the blazing logs in the fireplace that she saw a man sitting on one of the couches, with his face buried in his hands. She turned to the servant who had opened the door for her, and said, "Who is it?" but before he had time to answer, the stranger raised his head. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible! Can it be you, dearest uncle?" She came nearer, and when she did so, the person she addressed stood up; but when she wished to throw herself into his arms, he folded them across his breast, and said, in a low and feeble voice:

"Yes, I am that uncle you loved, and have not seen for so many years. I am the man who, forty years ago, was an ensign in one of the first regiments of France, and after many glorious exploits and arduous labors, reached the rank of colonel in that same regiment; who was esteemed by his comrades, and honored with the confidence of his generals. I am that man."

There was something so cold, so unnatural in the manner of speaking, something so livid in the face, and so haggard in the expression of the Count, that his niece felt unable to utter a word, but kept gazing upon him with a silent, breathless anxiety.

"I have come," he said at last, "to ask you for a bed to-night in your house, and, above all things, that you will not let any one know of my arrival."

"But, for God's sake," cried Madame de St. Lo, in a painful state of agitation, "what has happened to you, my dear, dear uncle? Why do you look so strangely at me? Are you ill?"

"I am very tired."

These words, simple as they were, had been uttered in a manner which deeply affected Madame de St. Lo. She burst into tears.

"Try to be calm, Eugénie. I cannot talk to you now," said M. de P——. "To-morrow you will know all. In the meantime, let your servants show me to a room in some obscure corner of your house, and do you return to your guests and entertain them as well as you can."

Madame de St. Lo felt constrained to obey him; and with the control over her own feelings which she derived from her natural strength of character, and the instinctive consciousness that something of more than common importance was at stake on this occasion, she disguised her emotion, and behaved during the rest of the evening as if nothing had happened to agitate and disturb her. Some of the more observant of her guests perceived a change in her countenance when she returned to the dining-room, and though she joined in conversation much in the same way as usual, that the smile which was wont to illuminate at times her pensive face was not seen there again that evening.

It was an inexpressible relief to her when all the company took their departure, and she could withdraw to her own room. She felt the need of collecting her bewildered thoughts, and going over again in her own mind the details of that brief and painful interview. But it was in vain she tried to form some conjecture as to the cause of her uncle's strange words and manner; and when she fell asleep, her rest was disturbed by continual dreams, in which she still beheld his dejected and haggard face. The next morning she awoke early, and on being told that M. de P—— had been up some time, she hastened to the drawing-room, and sent to beg that he would come and speak to her.

When M. de P—— came into the

room, she thought him looking just as pale and ill as the preceding day; but the expression of his face was less rigid, and his manner more natural, though still cold and formal. Feeling it impossible to endure any longer this suspense, and clasping her hands together she said, "My dear uncle, for God's sake, tell me at once what has brought you here, and why your coming is to be kept a secret."

"Eugénie, I will tell you the truth, though it will make you despise, and perhaps hate me. But henceforward it is not for such a one as I to shrink from shame; the days are gone by for that; I must inure myself to bear it."

"Shame!" murmured Madame de St. Lo, with an incredulous but nervous smile.

"Do not smile," said M. de P——, covering his eyes with his hand; "but listen to me as calmly as you can. What I said just now is true. I have belied the whole of my past life. I have become that thing which for more than forty years I had looked upon with unutterable scorn; I have proved myself a coward."

"This is painful jesting," exclaimed Madame de St. Lo, with a heightened color, and in an agitated tone of voice.

"It is no jest," said M. de P——. "Thank God that you cannot hear without emotion what, nevertheless, must be told. Thank God for what you will suffer when you know the whole truth. Eugénie, I was born in this old city, which our ancestors have so many times valiantly defended. I belong to a family whose honor has never known a stain. I have gone through ten campaigns, and fought thirteen battles. I led the forlorn hope at Lille; was wounded at Steinkirk; and left for dead at Ramillies. For forty years I never knew what fear was. O my God! I called that courage! I treated with withering contempt the least sign of weakness in others. Heaven forgive me! They are avenged now. Three days ago I received the order to defend with a hundred men an important post near the village of Malplaquet. Never had the sight of danger caused my heart to beat faster; never had I felt the slightest emotion on the field of battle; but that day for the first time the strange dreadful faintness which men call fear came upon me. It was new; it took me by surprise. God only knows if at that moment I was mad or only bewildered. It matters not; I fled. The old soldier with the Croix de St. Louis on his breast, and the marks of glorious wounds on his forehead, turned his back on the enemy, deserted his post, fled like a dastard from the field, and did not recover his senses till three hours afterwards, when he stood alone, far from his comrades, far from his post, forever removed from the past, alone with a blight on his soul and a stain on his name. Yes, you may well weep, poor child; but tears can never wash away that blot."

"O God! O God!" cried Madame de St. Lo, wringing her hands, "what can have brought this dreadful trial upon you, my poor uncle?"

The old man took his hand off his eyes, and looking steadfastly at her, he said, in a voice so low that she could hardly catch the sound, but which, nevertheless, seemed to thrill through her soul, "*Pride.*"

"Who would ever have thought it!" she ejaculated, almost suffocated by her sobs.

"Not you," he said in the same way. "Not men. God only. And now let me finish what I had to say. I came here last night with the intention of asking you to give me one night's lodging, and then to assist me in going over to England, where, under a feigned name, I could hide my shame and live in obscurity. But during the calm

hours of the night, a change came over me. Why should I shrink from the penalty due to my crime? How can I expiate the offence I have committed so well as by surrendering myself to be tried as a deserter, and submitting to the sentence of death which I justly deserve? I have sent a letter this morning to the Maréchal de Villars, informing him that I await the appointment of a court-martial, and will appear before it whenever he sends me his orders to that effect."

"You have not yet dispatched that letter!" cried Madame de St. Lo, greatly agitated. "For Heaven's sake, revert to your first intention, and go over to England."

A flush passed over the bronzed face of the old soldier. "Eugénie," he said, "do not make me feel my crime too deeply. Do not give me reason to think that my baseness has lowered in your mind the standard of duty and of honor. Do you not see that the only way, not to efface, for that can never be, but in some measure to expiate my guilt, is to abide my sentence, and suffer death at the hands of my brave comrades? Do not weep so bitterly, my dear child. Last night you would have done well to weep over the fate of the degraded being before you; but since that letter has gone, I feel better able to look you in the face, and the weight on my breast is somewhat lightened; but it will only be removed when I stand in front of the guns on the day of my execution. Then and there for the first time I shall breathe freely since the hour in which I fell. Tell me, my child, that you feel this as I do."

Madame de St. Lo threw her arms round her uncle's neck and murmured, "I do feel it; but it breaks my heart."

"God bless you for those kind words, Eugénie. And now you will help me to prepare for death. I have not had much time to attend to my religious duties of late; but you will lend me a prayer-book, and the old Curé of St. Jacques—is he yet alive?—will come and see me if you ask him. I did not think to have felt so much peace again on earth as I do now."

During the next few days Madame de St. Lo's friends were struck with her altered appearance. She made great efforts to appear cheerful when in company, but it was easy to see that some mysterious sorrow was oppressing her. She turned pale if the door-bell rung, and trembled like a leaf whenever the letters were brought in. At last there came one directed to her uncle, on the cover of which was the name of the Maréchal de Villars. She knelt down for a moment to say a short prayer, and then carried it up to the room which M. de P—— had never left since the day of his arrival.

"Ah! it is come," he said, as he saw her enter with the missive in her hand. He read it slowly through, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "My God, not my will, but Thine be done." He held out the letter to his niece. It was as follows:

"It is no doubt at once afflicting and humbling to human nature that a man who for forty years never failed in courage should so suddenly have proved untrue to himself and unfaithful to the most sacred of duties. But it is also consoling to see that man, the very moment after his deplorable fall, offer to atone for it by the only means in his power,—the voluntary surrender of his life in expiation of his fault, and reparation of the sad example he has had the misfortune to give.

"These are my own feelings, my poor friend; they are also those of all our brave officers. We cannot palliate your offence, or absolve

you from the disgrace attached to so flagrant a violation of duty; but we pity you with all our hearts, and decline to sit in judgment on one who offers to make every reparation in his power for an act which is sufficiently atoned for by his own bitter remorse. Accept, therefore, my kind wishes and those of all your old friends. May heaven and the lapse of time assuage your sorrow for a misfortune which has been almost as great to us as it has been to you. (Signed)

"The Maréchal de Villars.

"Du Quesnay,

"The 26th of September, 1709."

"Eugénie," said M. de P——, when she had finished reading this letter, "give me that box which is standing near you, and some writing-papér." He opened the box and took out of it his Croix de St. Louis, and gazed upon it till the strong tide of human passion and grief could no longer be repressed. For an instant he struggled with it, and then the pent-up anguish of a broken heart burst its bonds and found vent in a flood of burning tears. Madame de St. Lo threw herself into his arms, and for a long time both wept together in silence.

"Put it up," he said; "fold it in paper; and now help me to unbuckle my sword. Your little hands used to play with its hilt in former days: they can render me this service now. There, let me look at it once more; let me hold it one moment in my hand, as I was wont to do before my fall. Take it away now. Send it with my cross to M. de Villars, and tell him, Eugénie, that I accept the permission to live as the severe but just chastisement of my crime."

From that day forward M. de P—— considered his pardon as his sentence. He condemned himself to a long patient martyrdom of incessant humiliation. He continued to live in that old town of Calais, where he had been born, which was the scene of so many glorious associations, and where a numerous garrison was always stationed. He shrunk not from the eyes of men, for the scornful glance, the jeer, and the pitying smile were part of his sentence, part of his expiation. He walked on the rampart when the soldiers were lounging about, and passed before the barracks where the officers were standing, with his uniform on, but no sword at his side, and no cross on his breast. He went into the parish church and sat on the poor benches with the women and the children. When the military Mass was said, and the soldiers at the moment of the elevation presented arms, his gray head was bowed down to the ground in humble prostration.

Madame de St. Lo clung to the solitary old man like Ruth to Naomi. In spite of his remonstrances she joined him in his walks, and knelt beside him in church. She placed her child on his knee, and taught him to love and honor his aged kinsman.

One day the boy pointed with his little finger to the part of his coat where the cross should have been, and said, "Why is there no cross there?" and as if that idea had suggested another,—"and why is there no sword here?" he added, touching his uncle's belt.

There was a momentary struggle in the Count's heart, and a dark shade passed over his face; but he had made a vow never to shrink from shame, and to drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation. He had braved the scorn of men; he would not falter now before a child's innocent gaze. "My boy," he said, "once I was proud, and I trusted in my own strength and courage; and then there came a day when God took them both away from me: and in that day I

ran away from the field of battle, and became a wretched coward, who can never again carry a sword, nor wear the cross of a true soldier."

The child looked up into the old man's face, and his cheeks glowed like fire. "Cowards do not speak the truth," he said. "It is brave of you to say you ran away."

As time went on, the looks which were bent on the aged soldier ceased to be scornful. The words which were whispered in his hearing as he passed along the streets on his way to the church were words of kindness. Compassion first, and then reverence, sprung up in the hearts of men for one who had so bravely and so meekly borne the long anguish of shame. The courage of that long and humble expiation began to be appreciated. In the streets and on the ramparts of Calais, stripped of his cross and of his sword, he was, in the eyes of God, and at last in those of men also, a greater hero than the soldier of Blenheim and of Ramillies, than the leader of the forlorn hope on the battlements of Lille.

[The editor of the "Pièces Intéressantes" mentions in a note affixed to this anecdote, that he remembered having often seen in his youth M. de P—— at Calais, and that his sorrowful and touching aspect had remained deeply impressed on his recollection.]

DIES IRÆ.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

Day of wrath! whose vengeful fire
Forms creation's funeral pyre,
Theme of seer and David's lyre.

O, how terrible the fearing,
When the potent judge appearing,
Summons all to strictest hearing.

Hark! the trumpet's blast appalling
'Mid earth's myriad graveyards falling,
Round the throne their tenants calling.

Death and Nature see with wonder
The dead burst their tombs asunder,
Answering those tones of thunder.

Lo! the book all eyes engages,
From the record of whose pages
Comes the judgment of the ages.

From the Judge in glory seated
Nothing then shall stay secreted;
To each sin its due is meted.

Wretch! what plea shall I then render?
Whom may I claim for defender?
When the saint scarce wins his splendor.

King of awful exaltation!
Who dost freely grant salvation,
Save me, fount of consolation.

This thought, Lord, do not refuse me,—
Thou a pilgrim cam'st to choose me,
Lest in that day Thou shouldst lose me.

Sought by Thee on wearying mission,
By Thy cross saved from perdition,
Shall such labor want fruition?

Judge of justice, vengeance dealing,
Of my sin grant the repealing
Ere the day of dread revealing.

All my soul within me groaning,
I my guilt in blushes owning,
Pity, Lord, thy suppliant's moaning.

Thou who Mary's bonds hast riven,
And the dying thief hast shriven,
To me also hope hast given.

My prayers merit naught but spurning,
But Thou, Lord, in mercy turning,
Save me from the endless burning.

'Mid the sheep may I be rated,
From the foul goats separated,
With those on Thy right hand mated.

When thou the accurst indicting
Giv'st them to hell's fiery biting,
Call me, 'mid the blest inviting.

Hear me, Lord, a suppliant bending,
Grief my heart to cinders spending,
Have the care Thou of my ending.

O, that day of dreadful weeping,
When those human ashes sleeping
Shall wake forth to judgment leaping.

Spare me, Lord, thy mercy showing,
Jesus, thy sweet rest bestowing
On them 'mid the clean flame glowing.

PRACTICAL EVIDENCE OF THE ESSENTIAL EXISTENCE OF A DIVINELY AUTHORIZED TRIBUNAL IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

It seemed not enough for our Divine Saviour to teach whilst on earth, he provided instruction to be given after his ascension to heaven. He did not think it enough to shed his blood for the purchase of a Church, he moreover sent the Holy Spirit for its guidance and assistance. There is the happy security against error, for the learned and ignorant, the wise and foolish, the rich and poor, the young and old. Our dependence on the divine teaching of the Church, our unhesitating obedience to its authority, enable us to understand the true sense and meaning of many passages of sacred scripture which otherwise would be unintelligible. By our belief in the divine truth of the Church we can behold it as *built upon a rock, a path so beaten, a road so conspicuous, a way so holy and withal so straight, that fools cannot mistake it.* This makes us acquainted with a society having but one *One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.* This shows us the *one flock* united and fed under *one shepherd.* It is by this principle of doctrine, which immediately of itself preserves the unity of the spirit, that we can recognize the vinetree shooting forth and spreading innumerable branches, drawing sustenance from the stem with which they are united, although spreading their fruit and verdure far into the surrounding air. Here we can see the grain of seed not exhausted after piercing the crust of earth, but growing up into a strong and healthy tree. In a word, by this principle of divine veracity we are presented with a Church worthy of the wisdom of God who founded it, of the piety and charity of a Redeemer who consecrated it, of a Holy Spirit sanctifying it. This alone serves to keep a Catholic firm in his faith, preserving him from being tossed to and fro, carried away by every wind of doctrine.

We ask the most particular attention for this all-important principle; we examine it with the utmost solicitude, because the divine authority for the determination of every religious question being found in the Church, all difficulties are removed, doubts are dispelled, and the only conclusive and also shortest way is afforded to decide disputations otherwise productive of schisms. "The Church," says St. Augustin, "is the solution of all difficulties, it is the only way to attain the faith of Christ." Sophistry may struggle for the patronage of skepticism, infidelity may seek contentment in ridicule, heresy may try to mask its folly by slanders and reproach, but every subterfuge is disclosed, every objection is triumphantly refuted by the authority of the Holy Catholic Church. Hence St. Jerome very properly said to some heretics of his time, "I could dry up all the streams of your argument by one ray of that sun which shines upon the Church." He alluded to the gift of Christ promising, "*I will send you the spirit of truth to teach you all truth.*"

Christ having imposed upon some the obligation of teaching and on others the duty of hearing, appointing the zeal of the former and the docility of the latter as means of eternal salvation, this very organization of the Church

formed a portion of those "*things commanded to be observed*," which were to be announced by the apostles in every place unto which they carried the word of the Gospel. They certainly must have explained to the prelates, whom they appointed in different places, that the authority and obligation of instruction would in all ages be attached to the episcopal body, that its decisions would be a rule of faith quite manifest and unchangeable on account of the light of the Holy Ghost guiding and assisting those whom Christ appointed "*pastors and teachers for the work of the ministry.*" Now that we are correct in this reflection is perfectly evident from the constant judgment and practice of the Church itself, which, from the earliest time, actually proved that it possessed this power.

We read in the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles that, "*when Paul and Barnabas were preaching the Gospel at Antioch, some false teachers from Judea insisted that in order to be saved it was necessary to be circumcised.*" The difficulty thus raised was of the utmost importance, as it concerned the salvation of man. Paul and Barnabas denied the assertion and "*had no small contest with them.*" Were the Christians of Antioch satisfied with the decision of St. Paul and his fellow-preacher? No. It is related, they determined that "*Paul and Barnabas and certain persons of the other side should go to the apostles and priests of Jerusalem about this question.*" This was the first appeal to a general council of the Church. This was the first great model of all future councils, and thus the wisdom and providence of God established a model for imitation, and manifested the tribunal by which all controversies of faith were to be settled and decided. For if this were not the ordinary and legitimate judge of controversies, the Christians at Antioch were guilty of arrogance and obstinacy in refusing to abide by the decision of an apostle specially inspired to teach the Gentiles. And St. Paul would have acted imprudently, if not criminally, by indulging their arbitrary and capricious humor, submitting his doctrine to the authority not only of the apostles, but of the priests at Jerusalem, unless such were the will and ordinance of Jesus Christ. Those early Christians were impressed with the solemn conviction that a general council morally representing the whole Church was to be obeyed in matters of faith, in preference even to an apostle. They knew that if the former erred, all the promises of Christ to his Church would be broken; whereas the latter as an individual might cease to be inspired, and err most remarkably, without any one of the promises of our Lord being even slightly compromised. The appeal of the Judeans and Antiochians was received as proper and lawful by a general council of the Church. The question was discussed and solemnly examined. At length the Council decided and defined that the opponents of St. Paul were wrong, and moreover declared that this decision was given by the authority of the Holy Ghost,—"*It has seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.*" (Acts 15.)

Here we have a tribunal in the Church exercising supreme authority, correcting and commanding private judgment, not only instructing the flock, but guiding, confirming the truth in the pastor, that pastor being an inspired minister of the Gospel. The Judeans and Antiochians were persuaded by their private judgment that circumcision was necessary for salvation. Paul and Barnabas taught that it was not only not necessary, but that it was according to the freedom of the Gospel dispensation an

intolerable yoke. Neither party would yield; who then was to decide? The judgment of the Church in the persons of its pastors was appealed to. The Church, speaking by the dictation of the Holy Ghost, determined the controversy, and all parties submitted to its judgment. Now, if an infallible tribunal was not established in the Church for the guidance of men in the knowledge of religious truth and for the preservation of a pure faith, the apostles and their disciples, the clergy and the laity were guilty on this occasion of a most enormous sin. The apostles and the rest of the clergy were guilty by the usurpation of unlawful authority, also by assuming falsely the co-operation of the Holy Ghost. The laity were guilty by submitting to and sanctioning this usurpation. But where is the man, in his senses, who, believing Christianity and the divine foundation of the Church on the apostles, would hazard such an impious conclusion? A conclusion which would be equivalent to saying the whole Church then fell into error, and that the power of Christ was nullified in his own instruments—in those pastors and teachers whom he appointed to teach all things to be observed necessarily unto salvation. In view of all that assures us of the delegation of a divine mission to the apostles, we conclude that this fact recorded in the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles practically establishes and actually illustrates the doctrine which states that, for the preservation and propagation of divine religious truth amongst men, the Lord has established in his Church a tribunal authorized to teach and define with divine veracity.

As the apostles esteemed themselves to be guided by the Holy Ghost in the decision given in Jerusalem where they declared, "*it seems good to the Holy Ghost and to us*," in like manner their successors in general councils have claimed and exercised the authority of divine teaching. The illustration of this doctrine, taken from the history and uniform practice of the Church in all ages, is of the utmost importance, when we consider that, instead of finding any period of which it can be said, "*then was infallibility assumed*," we cannot discover a single period of ecclesiastical history, from Moses unto our divine Saviour and thence down to the present day, in which this authority was not produced in clear and decisive operation. Even those persons who complain about the anathemas and excommunications of the Church, afford an illustration of our doctrine; for their murmurs, heard through a long series of ages, give notice that the Church, from the time of the apostles, uttered a commanding voice in condemnation of error. There was not a century in which some heresy did not appear. All the dogmas of faith, not excepting the essence of God, were successively attacked. The rash and presumptuous curiosity of the human mind would plunge into everything, nor would its proud obstinacy yield to either reason or authority. What was the consequence? Did any pretended privilege of reason cure the evil? did a spirit of indifferentism reign triumphant on such occasions, or did sectarian confusion appear justified owing to the absence of any superior and divinely constituted authority capable of pacifying or condemning religious dissension? No; such inconveniences were not permitted. On the contrary, the Church uniformly raised its voice against innovation at the very moment of its appearance. In every instance it challenged the supporters of new principles, saying to each of them: "*The doctrine you now preach was not yesterday; it had not been heard of before; it is purely your own invention.*" The pastors

of the Church believed themselves to be directed by the same spirit of truth which influenced the apostles at Jerusalem, and accordingly they gave decrees on matters of religion as so many oracles of the Holy Ghost, and the faithful received them as so many expressions of the spirit given by the Saviour to his Church. Whosoever denied what they defined, was looked upon in the same light as if he had opposed a decree of the apostles, or had rejected a proposition of the divine word.

Influenced by the spirit, and in continuation of this uninterrupted operation of the Church, the first general council after the apostles, namely, that of Nice, made a decree, and obliged all Christians to receive and profess it; at the same time, condemning and anathematizing all those who dissented from its doctrine. Arius blasphemously denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. His bishop convened a synod of neighboring prelates, in which the heretic was condemned. The heresy spread, and at length a general council was held at Nice, in which the Arian novelty was examined, and then condemned by the universal voice of Christianity. Thus the early Church crushed the blasphemous revolt against the faith deposited with and guarded by the teachers of the gospel, and every assumption of reason or opinion in religious matters was practically proved to be antichristian. Not only was Arius and his abettors condemned, but moreover, the definitions of the council were set forth as so many articles of faith in a creed, which all Christians were obliged to profess, which has ever since been maintained under the name of the Nicene Creed, by the faithful throughout the entire world. A more complete proof could not be given that those pastors believed their council to be infallible, and that as such it was admitted by the whole Church to be a divinely appointed tribunal for the support and propagation of religious truth. If the bishops were not truthfully assured of the divine veracity of their decision, how could they presume to make a creed? By what authority could they require all Christians to embrace and abide by their decision as a matter of faith? We may also ask, if they had not the authority and support of heaven clearly established and proven to the satisfaction of all Christendom, by what influence could they induce all the faithful to receive and abide by that creed? As the Apostolic Council of Jerusalem showed practically the constitution of the Church and the mode of its subsistence subsequently to the ascension of our blessed Lord, in like manner the Council of Nice affords a similar demonstration of its existence after the apostolic age has passed away; and both examples show it harmonizing with the promises of Christ, preserving the faith through the means of a divinely appointed tribunal. We attach the utmost importance to the action of the apostles, because they were undeniably under the influence of divine inspiration; but not less importance is to be attached to the action of the Fathers of Nice, for then only three hundred years had elapsed, which is a mere trifle of time in the perpetual age of the Church. The Church was then in the freshness and vigor of the knowledge and memory of what had been ordained by Christ and preached by his apostles, so that no pretext drawn from oblivion, from times, vicissitude, or any shadowy source, can be set forth to discredit the purity and integrity of that Nicene Council. Thus we have data corresponding to the whole life of the Church, evidencing the fact that the Church is so constituted as to teach and maintain truth with divine authority.

Before any contradiction to the authority of the Church, as proved by those examples, can be admissible, it must be explained why the Council of Jerusalem justly condemned the Judeans, that of Nice the Arians, and why others could not, with equal justice, be condemned by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century, the principle being the same in both cases? If it be said the Church was pure in the first and fourth centuries, but fallen and corrupt in the sixteenth, such flimsy sophistry is of no avail, being a begging of the question. For if the Church was a divine instructor, it could not err; this veracity is the very question under discussion. Either, then, in the Councils of Jerusalem and of Nice, the Church was divinely instructing, or it was not. To say it was not, would be to say that the apostles blasphemed, and that the whole of Christendom was ensnared. If it was, it could not deviate from truth in any age. Moreover, the right of private judgment, for which some persons contend, if derived from Christ, is as much above the control of a pure church as of a corrupted church; and therefore any attempt to supersede it is an evident proof of the total corruption of the Church, or that private judgment is not allowed by our Lord.

From the texts of Scripture referred to, from the promises and commissions of Christ, from the action of the apostles, which has been uninterruptedly the same in the course of ages, and from the agreement in this action by the Christian world, it is fully shown that a divine tribunal is found essentially in the constitution of the Church.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

Years ago, when many of the arts were in their infancy, there dwelt in the good old Flemish town of Bruges, an honest journeyman, named John Van Euel, whose calling was to carve wooden figures and ornaments for the different churches and buildings which had arisen, and were still daily springing up, in that prosperous city of merchant-princes. This young man, according to the evidence of those who knew him best, was "nobody's enemy but his own;" he was a frank-hearted, merry fellow, and, to say the truth, a better workman never existed; he might have had jobs by the dozen but for one obstacle—that he was far too indolent to finish any of them. So long as he could pick up sufficient coin for present support, he was contented; when hungry, he worked, and when his money was gone, he had to set to work again, which he did with the best heart in the world. This could not last, however; no person ever employed him *twice*, he was so dilatory in getting his orders completed; and when John, upon the strength of a few stray florins which he had managed to scrape together, chose to take unto himself a wife, the neighbors (as neighbors generally do) looked upon the dark side of the matter, and gravely shaking their heads, augured nothing but misfortune from the union. John, however, had promised to "turn over a

new leaf" (encouraging phrase!), and for some time he kept his word. Bertha, the tidiest, brightest-eyed little damsel in a town ever proverbial for the beauty of its maidens, formed no exception to a thriftiness which still attracts the notice of every Belgian tourist; and morning after morning, she might be seen knitting in the little workshop by the side of her husband, who carolled merry ditties as he chopped away lustily at his work. By degrees, also, John resumed his old habits; and when Bertha fell ill, and was no longer present to cheer and keep him up to his toil, he began to forsake his chisel and hammer, and wander forth again into the streets, where there was, truth to say, sufficient to attract and absorb many a profounder mind than his. Bertha got well and returned to her labors, but John could seldom be prevailed on to visit his board; the dust gathered upon the carved work of his unfinished angels' heads, and the rust penetrated the implements of his vocation. A family came on, and the ceaseless occupation of Bertha's quick fingers could scarcely keep starvation from the door.

And now idleness came to be a lesser evil than another which threatened to ruin the little family. John, distressed at the sight of his wife's anxious countenance, and worn out by the cries of their two half-famished children, strove to drown the reproaches of his own heart by frequenting a certain hostelry, where wine, the worst and of the most extortionate price, was dealt out to unhappy victims of short-lived indulgence. Many a time Bertha sought and gently drew him home; but terrified at the rough language she encountered from those she saw there, and sometimes totally unable to persuade him to leave their companionship, she gave up at last in despair, and contented herself with endeavoring to supply the deficiency by additional efforts for support, drawn from the already too-greatly infringed hours of the night.

It had been a stormy day, the rain falling in torrents. John was sitting at evening over the heaped-up logs of the inn-fire, conversing with half a dozen disreputable vagabonds, who discussed everybody's business but their own with the mock gravity of half-intoxication. His purse was exhausted, but his thirst was still unquenched, and diving to the bottom of the pockets in his threadbare doublet for the hundredth time, he withdrew his hands with a deep sigh—not a single groschen remained. The host came into the miserable chamber, and finding no more orders in agitation, commenced an exordium upon the imprudence of late hours, by way of hint to his moneyless customers to be going. John parted from them on the threshold, and with a heavy heart and staggering gait turned his steps homeward.

As he emerged from the shadow of the inn gables, the moon struggled out through the moist atmosphere, illuminating the paved streets, which here and there were diversified by a deep and muddy pool, still agitated by a few drops of rain; and John, endeavoring with drunken wisdom to avoid these, stumbled into most of them as he pursued his path. The wind sighed at intervals in broken and fitful blasts, and just as he reached the Grande Palace, the carillons rang madly out, startling him by their crashing peal, with which the tempest took strange liberties, flinging the sounds, as in very wantonness, here and there and everywhere. He looked up at the belfry, which loomed white against the leaden hue of the sky, and stopped, half-disposed to expostulate with the building for the start its noisy in-

mates had given him. The air was keen, however, and he thought better of it, pursuing, with a half shiver, his way past the Hotel de Ville, whose noble line of statues he gravely acknowledged, one by one, by an obsequious reverence.

"I wonder," thought John to himself, as he groped his way (which, it must be confessed, was somewhat roundabout) through the darker and smaller streets, "I wonder now why *I* could not carve just as fine figures as those yonder. Many a job I have done here in Bruges that others have got the credit of, and I would be at the top of the tree now if it were not for—for— What *is* the reason?" he said aloud, interrupting his reflections—"Ah! that's the question."

John was just sober enough to know *what* the reason was; but he had no intention of confessing it, for all that, even to himself; so he contented his conscience by repeating over and over in a muttering, melancholy tone.

"Why, it's because I've no luck! no luck!"

"No luck?" half shrieked, half chuckled a voice at his side; "*you* no luck? Well, now look here, John Van Euel, and I will show you how to get luck, and make your fortune by it, and you will—"

John had reached the bridge adjoining the Diore, and lolled against it in a drowsy attitude. He started and shook more violently than when the carillons had made him jump in the Grande Place.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, "who have we here?" as he looked round and discovered no one in sight; "*who* are you? *where* are you?" he shouted, gaining courage, and peeping over into the water, from whence the sounds had certainly appeared to come.

A peal of merry and somewhat mocking laughter was the answer; and the next moment climbing the balustrades of the bridge, and vaulting over them with the agility of a monkey, a little figure descended lightly at the side of John, who gazed with staring eyes, and mouth agape, at the form of the new arrival. He was a queer-looking fellow; perhaps half the height of a stalwart journeyman, dressed in a suit of dingy-brown, with a long rapier projecting from beneath his cloak at one side. His features, though quite in proportion with his size, possessed an expression of authority, blended, moreover, with considerable benevolence of character.

"And so you have no luck, John Van Euel!" he said; "no luck! Now listen, then, like an idle rascal as you are, and I will help you to find some—that is, you know, if you will only assist me in what I am going to propose to you."

"O ho," thought John, "O ho! there is to be a debtor-and-creditor account, then; go on, my mannikin! But I shrewdly suspect hoofs are to be seen under those fine buckled shoes, and I should not be surprised if that rapier yonder were a tail in disguise; so I'll be careful what I promise."

He merely nodded his head, however, at his companion, who took that as a hint to proceed.

"You must know, John," said the little man familiarly, but not without a certain solemnity in his voice, "you must know that there is not a foot of this city of bridges but contains some portion, large or small, of hidden treasure. My life long have I been endeavoring to come upon some, but so difficult a matter is it to go to work the right way, that it is only lately that I have discovered the secret. One thing must be done first, which I cannot do myself, and which you can. Now, John, just walk a little way and observe what happens."

As the little man spoke, he put one hand upon the parapet, and jumping up, squatted himself upon

the top, motioning to John to look over into the water. The latter did so, taking care not to approach too near to his extraordinary companion. On gazing into the thick and muddy canal, he beheld the water agitated as if by volcanic agency, boiling and eddying in a sort of whirlpool, immediately beneath the point occupied by the mysterious dwarf, and presently the strains of soft but somewhat wild music were heard, gradually gaining strength. Apparently under the influence of the melody, the watery commotion, little by little, subsided; and at length John beheld a figure, which presented the appearance of a female, as if carved in marble, the face slightly turned from him, and the head bent down, while the hands were apparently earnestly employed with some occupation which he could not discriminate. All the sculptor's admiration for classic beauty (and he possessed considerable) was aroused, and gazing with his whole soul in his eyes, he was mortified to find a cloud pass across the moon, entirely hiding the vision from his view. Impatiently he waited for the returning light, but upon looking again into the water, nothing was to be seen but its inky, gloomy surface.

John turned to his companion, who was still sitting tailor-wise on the parapet.

"Well, John," he said, "that is the genius who guards all the treasure we have been talking of; and if I can procure an image as like her as possible, carved in white marble, I shall, by means of some potent charms I possess, be able to animate the figure and obtain replies to the questions I shall put to her respecting the exact spot where the largest treasure is hidden. Now I will be contented to pay you handsomely if you will do this business for me; make the figure as like her as possible. I know where you live, and I shall come myself and fetch it away this day six months;" and taking out a large purse filled with golden coin, "look," he continued, "I'll give you ten, twenty, fifty times what you see here."

"And what share of the treasure?" said John, who like all idle fellows, was a bit of a speculator.

The little man laughed heartily.

"Don't be hard upon me, John," he said. "However, I'll tell you what I'll do (you must swear eternal secrecy, of course). I'll promise you the half of what I get; and you may depend upon my honor. Now take the oath properly, man, upon my sword," and he proceeded to dictate the following doggerel, making John repeat each word after him:

"I, John Van Euel, undertake
This figure secretly to make,
And give up six months hence, provided
'Twixt us her treasure be divided."

John took this oath boldly. When he had concluded, the dwarf said,

"Remember, John, if ever you divulge a word of the matter, our compact is at an end; now, here's my hand upon the bargain."

They shook hands; and John was just feeling all his suspicions melt away, when the other, before he replaced the rapier in the sheath, made a sort of lunge at him, laughing at the same time his former mocking laugh. The journeyman put up his hand to ward off the blow; the next moment he felt a sharp pain in the member, and fell heavily to the ground, his companion's mirth still ringing in his ears.

The sun was rising in the heavens when John became conscious that he was sprawling on the bridge, a feeling of numbness painfully present in all his limbs. He rubbed his eyes, and thought what Bertha would say when he got home.

"What a fool of a dream I have

had!" he said to himself, as he arose to make the best of his way back. At this moment a smarting pain in the hand struck his attention. There was a small incision in it, about half an inch in length, and the blood had congealed around it. "It is all true, then," said he, jumping up with alacrity. But John heeded not the wound; the strange beauty of the marble vision he had beheld tormented his brain; its exquisite grace had stirred up the torpid passions of his genius, and eager to grasp his chisel, John hurried home in a tolerably sober state.

Bertha was watching at the door with an anxious air and pale countenance when he came in sight. How he longed to tell her all. But he kept his secret with some difficulty, as she hung sobbing about his neck. She soon saw the wound, however.

"Why, John," she said, "you have had a fall," and she tenderly bathed and wrapped it up. "This is the cut of a flint-stone."

John laughed at her anxiety. He saw nothing but the lovely statue. It seemed to stand before him pointing the way to fortune; and already he beheld Bertha strutting to mass in a flowered cabinet gown, while he sported a cloak of Lyons velvet, and a feather as tall as the wealthiest burgomaster in Bruges.

John commenced the statue. Early and late did he pursue his occupation, and as the figure grew into almost lifelike beauty beneath his hand, the form of the original became still more vividly impressed upon his mind. From the moment that he conveyed into his workroom, with the assistance of a fellow-journeyman, the rude block, obtained by the sale of some of his angels' heads, he labored incessantly to perpetuate in indelible lines the features of the beautiful vision now ever present to his thoughts.

He had begged Bertha not to question him, and she, satisfied in knowing him employed, and no longer frequenting his former profligate haunts, indulged her curiosity no further than to anticipate in all faith the result of his labors, and to speculate upon an object which served to redouble her exertion in providing for the wants of her family. John had a latent superstition that the dwarf would appear in flesh and blood, and worked on with energy and devotion.

The six months passed away—the figure was complete. With rapture John found himself a finished sculptor. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, he visited his now beloved atelier, where Art herself appeared embodied in the lineaments of the beautiful statue, the presiding genius of the place, which seemed almost to smile upon him, as he gazed proudly upon its exquisite proportions.

Day after day went by without bringing him intelligence of his extraordinary patron. He touched and retouched, till he threw away the chisel in despair; still the dilatory little man came not. John, however, had tasted the sweets of mental as well as bodily labor; it had become pleasant to him to feel his power, to see the ideal assume a palpable shape beneath his touch. Gradually another statue was commenced, and now the features of Bertha, her youngest born, an infant but a few weeks old, held in her arms, were transferred to the stone, and shone there a fair and gentle Madonna. The first figure was still, it is true, the adoration of his heart; it had taught him the joy of self-exertion; he loved it beyond expression; and even if the treacherous dwarf never came at all, the artist's ambition, which had always slumbered in his mind, now unobscured by indolence, was never

quiet, but constantly whispered what he *might* become.

So the time went on, and a year was passed.

Coming home one day, what was his surprise to find Bertha with her lap full of money, weeping in her little chamber. His first thought was that his employer had arrived and fetched away the statue. Rushing wildly to the door of his workroom, he threw it open—the figure was indeed gone; but Bertha, smiling through her tears, implored his forgiveness, and told him she would show it him again if he would come with her. "The beautiful statue was safe; would he come?"

They threaded the streets together, the heart of John anxiously beating in his bosom. Bertha led the way to the Prefecture. As they neared it, John was astonished to observe the hats of his fellow-townsmen doffed with respectful admiration to the neatly-attired but threadbare figures of himself and his wife. They entered the Hotel de Ville; it was thronged with people. The burghers had just been deciding upon a tutelary figure for the Chamber of Commerce. There were numerous productions from the first sculptors in Bruges, the excellence of which attested at once their proficiency and the ambition felt by all to occupy the pre-eminent position of the successful candidate.

The murmur of voices was lulled as the young pair walked up the hall.

"Hush," said the crowd, "here he is!" and following Bertha, who swiftly, but full of tears and blushes, preceded him, he perceived on a pedestal, high above all the rest, his own beloved model, the accepted statue, while underneath it was engraved in golden letters the one word "Industry."

Was the little man a real or unreal creation after all? an inhabitant of the world of fact or of fantasy? John always thought the first. To the successful sculptor, however, it mattered little. The mystery of the work's development was soon explained. Overwhelmed by the offer of the burgomaster's gold, Bertha had sold the statue; and John had reason to bless her disobedience.

Orders came rapidly in; employment never flagged, but became daily more attractive by habit; his profession was his joy, constituting alike the support and the happiness of his existence. One good quality also brought others along with it, for the virtues are sisters, like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image, so the essential qualities themselves stepped each into her shrine in John's breast, rendering his home their sacred precinct.

The dwarf never appeared to claim his share, but the name of the mystic treasurer, that fair vision of the night, is well known.

Fortune and fame bow to her, and every reckless idler may learn from John Van Euel's dream, that the "Spirit of Industry" is the only guide to the throne of power and the temple of happiness.

THE QUESTION OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS SETTLED DEFINITELY.

In my De Lorgues' *Life of Columbus*, I simply gave Genoa as the birthplace of the illustrious discoverer of the New World, not having space at my command to allude to the other places that claimed the honor, and the reasons or pretences upon which they founded their respective claims. But as the place of his nativity is not, for certain reasons, so fully settled that the claim of Genoa in this respect may not still be disputed, as was done in former times, I beg leave to place on record in our vernacular, somewhat abridged, the reasons assigned by De Lorgues for definitely fixing that event in that city, and thus finally, as it will be seen, disposing of that question.

It will not be unwelcome news to our readers to learn that the question of the beatification of Columbus was brought before the Vatican Œcumenical Council, just before the cannon of Victor Emanuel caused its sudden suspension or prorogation, but will be immediately resumed again on the reassembling of the said Council, which it is fervently hoped will be soon.

"As to the birthplace of Columbus," writes M. De Lorgues, "we cannot conceive why it has been so long contested and so warmly disputed. We have been astonished at the hesitating tone hitherto adopted on this subject. It is time to make this hesitancy give place to precise and peremptory affirmation."

Columbus was born in Genoa. Such is the real truth of the matter. Of what importance are the pretensions of Cuccaro in Montferrat, of Pradello in Plaisantin, of Oneglia, of Finale, of Boggiasco, of Quinto and of Nervi on the Genoa River? In vain does the little town of Cogoletto display to the eye of the traveller the inscription which assigns it the honor of being the birthplace of Columbus. It is not our intention to occupy ourselves with these displays of vanity, or with the discussions, more or less erudite, to which Savone has given occasion in claiming this glory. None of these discussions prove that Christopher Columbus was born outside of Genoa; and many of the documents brought forward during their course show that he was a Genoese. It is not permissible to doubt of this fact, which is become patent and incontestable, so numerous and conclusive are the various kinds of testimony upon which it is founded.

The personal friends of Columbus—the curate of Las Palacios, the Bishop of Hispaniola, Alessandro Geraldini, his contemporaries or compatriots, Agostino Giustiniani, Bishop of Nebbio, in Corse, Bartolomeo Senarega, Antonio Gallo, Alberto Foglietta; at a later period, Casoni, all the Genoese and the historians of their country, Giovani Battista Ramusio, Girolimo Benzoni, Giulio Salinero, Tiraboschi, Luigi Bossi, Spotorna, &c.; the historiographers of Spain, Herrera, whose exactitude is admitted by everybody, Muñoz, whose writings are so judicious and erudite, and even the Portuguese historian, Joam de Barros, who may be said to be a posthumous enemy of Columbus—all agree in declaring him

to be a native of Genoa. To these attestations it should suffice to add that of old Dominic Columbus, the father of the admiral, who, in four authentic acts, signed and executed by him at Savone between the years 1470 and 1491, speaks of himself as being from Genoa. We could also reproduce the indenture of apprenticeship recorded at Savone by the notary, Ansaldo Basso, the 10th of September, 1484, in which Giacomo, the youngest brother of Christopher, was declared a native of Genoa, although he lived in Savone from his earliest infancy, if we did not prefer, to remove every doubt on the subject, adducing a last testimony, the decisive authority of which nobody will contest: it is that of Christopher Columbus himself.

In his Institution of Majorat or Mayorazgo, made and executed the 22d of February, 1498, he mentions, in plain and unmistakable terms, his being born in Genoa: "Siendo yo nacido in Genova;" further on, he recommends to his heirs to favor, without detriment to the crown of Spain, anything that should be for the honor and aggrandizement of Genoa, a noble and powerful maritime city: "Ciudad noble et poderosa por la mar." He explains this predilection for it in mentioning that it was thence he came, and that it was there he was born: "Della sali, y en ella naci."*

A declaration so plain, and so explicit, must remove all hesitancy, and admits of no controversy. Hence we may dismiss the subject; but to overcome completely the obstinacy of gainsayers with a luminous condensation of evidence, after having heard Christopher Columbus and his father, let us listen to his son. We here introduce a witness who will gladden the patriotism of the Genoese, in confirming to them, without further cavil, the exclusive right they have of considering themselves fellow-citizens or countrymen of Christopher Columbus.

The second son of the Grand Admiral of the Ocean, whom Spotorna accused of endeavoring to mislead public opinion, and of concealing the real birthplace of his father, has, in his last will and testament, declared that his father was a native of Genoa, and calls himself "son of Don Christopher Columbus, a Genoese."* And from the fact that his father, his grandfather, and the principal part of his paternal relations were from Genoa, he considered himself a Genoese. He loved the Italian language, the only one that he habitually spoke when away from the territory of Spain. He claimed the special attentions or remembrances due to the cradle of his father, said that Genoa was his country, and by this title succeeded in obtaining the support or co-operation of every well-bred Genoese in the buying and forwarding of printed books and manuscripts, which he collected abroad for his valuable library,—a library which can yet be seen in Seville.

In return for the glory which, in being born within her walls, his father had bequeathed to Genoa, Don Fernando counted on the friendship and devotedness of all the inhabitants of that city. He considered a Genoese, in whatever city of Europe his business affairs led him to, as naturally a correspondent of his. Even to fulfil his pious intentions in Rome, although Spanish religious were there, he desired the interposition of some Genoese merchants. And his predilection for the compatriots of his father was so marked, that at his death the executor of his will, the licentiate Marcos Filipe, considered it as his duty to invite to his

* Institucion del Mayorazgo de 22 febrero de 1498. Coleccio diplom. doc., No. cxxi.

* "Hijo de D. Christobal Colon, Ginoves, primero Almirante que descubrio las Indias."—*Testamento otorgado in* 12 *de Julio*, 1539.

funeral, which was celebrated with princely pomp, in the cathedral of Seville, all the notable Genoese merchants in the city, as countrymen of the noble decedent.

Thus, throughout an interval of seventy-eight years in Columbus's own family, three generations attest that he was born in Genoa.

To the authority of such declarations, resulting from authentic records, and invested with solemn forms, what has hitherto been opposed? Nothing but negations, assertions without proof, pretensions without foundations,—all puerile conclusions, deduced themselves from circumstances evidently tortured, in which the logic of facts is shamefully wrested. But, in return for all this, the vanity of some places, and the longing for celebrity of some families, is gratified beyond measure. The injuries done to truth by the wranglers alluded to do not end here. Their extensive erudition and turgidity, admired only by themselves, manifest a degree of arrogance which is truly incredible. These writers recognize no authority but their own opinions. They suspect, they contest even, the best authenticated and most respectable vouchers. Under these circumstances, we will do none of these gentry the honor of noticing them particularly. The task we imposed on ourselves is not to discuss the absurd, or to combat the unsustainable, but simply to mention facts.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CATACOMBS.

When living at Rome with my mother as a child, I was frequently made the companion of a young artist in his expeditions in the neighborhood. On one occasion he assured me that we were going to see something very wonderful, as we walked on further and further between the white walls of the vineyards and the old ruins of the baths till we were quite outside of Rome. The sun shone hot; the peasants shaded themselves under green branches, placed over their carts, and slept quietly, while the horses left to themselves stepped forward. At last we reached the grotto of Egeria, where we took our breakfast. The whole grotto, the walls, and the vault, were covered with the loveliest green, like a carpet of velvet, and around the entrance hung wreaths of ivy. A few steps beyond the grotto there stands, or rather stood, for some ruins of it are all that is now left, a small deserted house, built over a low entrance into the Catacombs. The passage through St. Sebastian's Church and this, through the deserted house, were at that time the only ones remaining. When you descend to these subterranean passages you find one crossing another in a manner calculated to puzzle even those who know their general direction, but my artist friend had no apprehension of danger when he took me down with him. He kindled his light, put another into his pocket, tied the end of a ball of string at the entrance where we descended, and we began our walk.

The passages soon became so low that even I was unable to stand upright; then they rose into high

vaults and expanded where they intersected into large quadrangles. We went through the Rotunda with the little stone altar in the middle, where the first Christians offered the Holy Sacrifice, and Federigo told me of the fourteen Popes and many thousand martyrs who lie buried here. We held the light close to a great tomb and saw the yellow bones within. We went a few steps further and then he stopped, for the thread was not much longer. He tied the end firmly to his button, fixed the light between the stones, and began to sketch the deep passage, while I sat down upon a stone. He had told me to fold my hands and look up. The candle was half burned out, but a whole one lay close by; besides he had brought flint and steel with him so that he might be able to light it again if it were suddenly extinguished. My imagination conjured up pictures of wonderful objects in the endless passages which were now filled with an impenetratable darkness. All was quiet except when the drops of water, falling with a uniform sound, broke the stillness which prevailed.

As I was sitting buried in thought, I was suddenly terrified by my friend the painter rising with an exclamation of alarm, and rushing about continually stooping down to the ground as if he wished to pick up something; then he lighted the other candle and looked all about. As I became frightened by his singular behavior I got up crying. "For God's sake sit still child," he said, "do you hear;" and then he looked about on the ground again. "I will not remain in this place," I said, "I will not stay down here." He endeavored to coax me, promised me pictures and cakes, and taking his purse out of his pocket gave me all that was in it, but as he did so I felt that his hand was as cold as ice, and that he trembled all over. Then I became still more uneasy and called to my mother, on which he shook me violently by the shoulder and said: "I will beat you if you are not quiet." Then he fastened his handkerchief to my arm to hold me fast, but as he did so he stooped down, and kissing me fervently said: "Pray to the Madonna."

"Is the string lost?" I asked.

"We shall find it, we shall find it," he answered, and again began his search.

Meanwhile the smaller candle had burned down, and as the larger one melted, and became smaller and smaller from the rapidity with which he carried it about, his terror increased. It would be impossible to find our way back without the thread, every step would lead us further astray. After a vain search he threw himself down on the ground, put his arm round my neck, and sighed deeply. "Poor child!" he said. At these words I wept bitterly, for it seemed to me that I should never return home again. Lying on the ground he pressed me to him, and my hand slipped down. I involuntarily grasped the sand, and there was the thread between my fingers. "Here it is!" I cried. He seized my hand, and became wild with joy and thankfulness, for our life depended on this single thread. We were saved, and never did the sun shine so brightly, the sky seem so blue, nor the trees so green, as they appeared to us when we once more regained the open air. (I never accompanied Federigo on his expeditions again.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS FOR LENT. By Paul Segneri, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. 2. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

Those of our readers who have perused the first volume of these sermons will, no doubt, greet the second with delight. Save the meditations of the great Viennese author and orator, Dr. Veith, we can recall no similar productions which have so pleased us as the contents of the book before us. We lay particular stress on the fact that we were *pleased*, for it is the beautiful diction which wins the heart to the instruction concealed beneath. Father Segneri has fully comprehended that, as medicine is often prepared in a palatable form to render its healthful but bitter draughts less offensive, so the surest way to reach the ailments of the soul is to mingle the essence of eloquence with the life-giving instruction, from the crude application of which men too often turn with disdain. True, it is the Holy Spirit which always converts, but one of his most powerful weapons is the eloquence of man; hence, in the language of the Church, he is himself styled

The tongue's mellifluous dower.

Our Saviour, by the adoption of the parabolical style of preaching, has given the highest and most legitimate sanction to this subservience of oratory, as well as music and the other fine arts, to the purposes of religion. It is only the abuse made of this practice by certain vain preachers and worldly-minded listeners which has merited the reproach of our Lord, that the time would come when such people would not endure sound doctrine, but would heap to themselves teachers having itching ears. Let our readers then, during this sacred time, refer to this most seasonable book with the assurance that they will not fail to profit by it, both spiritually and intellectually.

IN SIX MONTHS; or, The Two Friends. By Mary F. Meline, authoress of the Montaiges Legacy. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1874.

Miss Meline is well known as a fluent and graceful writer, and we think this, her latest work, the best which we have seen from her pen, though the conversations in the opening chapter are a little too high-toned to be quite natural. There seems also to be an incompleteness in the plot, which, however, is largely compensated for by the vivid descriptions presented of the condition of affairs in Rome under the Subalpine usurpers, the powers of whose rule are shown to the reader in a most forcible and interesting manner.

In this connection we think it not improper to subjoin the following comments from a Catholic contemporary, not because they apply so directly to Miss Meline, but because they contain much truth which could be aptly taken to heart by the large numbers of lady writers who contribute to our Catholic literature: "We do not think the authoress has shown herself clever enough to imitate the style which men adopt in writing to each other. Miss Evans (George Elliot) is the only authoress we have ever read who succeeds in writing like a man, and her success is decided. But we do not like her any better on that account, and we have always had the impression that she must be a most unwomanly woman. We do not think Catholic ladies should attempt to imitate her, first, because they cannot expect to meet with her success; second, because success in such an attempt is not commendable."

Still we suppose an authoress must try her hand in this line just as a gentleman is justified in seeking to imitate a lady, though the success of the latter is not usually so questionable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PLEADINGS OF THE SACRED HEART.—From *The Catholic Publication Society.*

PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE.—A Tale of the Reformation.

LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET.—From *P. O'Shea*, New York.